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NAVAL TRANSACTIONS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Concluded from page 249.

THE commodore was informed by captain Chauncey, that four frigates might be expected every moment, as they were to sail from Hampton Roads four days after him. In consequence of this information, and as he could not bring the John Adams into action, she having left all her gun carriages for her gun deck, except eight, on board the Congress and Constellation, a day or two previous to her sailing, he determined to wait a few days for the arrival of commodore Barron, before another attack, when, if he should arrive, the fate of Tripoli must be decided in a few hours, and the bashaw completely humbled. Had the John Adams brought out her gun carriages, he should not have waited a moment, and doubted not but the next attack would make the arrival of more ships unnecessary for the termination of the Tripoline war. Captain Chauncey received orders to remain on the station, that they might be benefited by the assistance of his boats and men, as nearly half the crews of the Constitution, brigs, and schooners were taken out to man

the bombs, guns, and ship's boats when prepared for an attack.

August 9th, they were engaged supplying the bombs and gun-boats with ammunition and stores, and getting every thing in readiness for an attack the moment commodore Barron should arrive and make a signal.

At 2, P. M., the commodore went on board the Argus for the purpose of reconnoitering the harbour of Tripoli; he stood in towards the town, and was near being sunk by the enemy's fire; one of their heaviest shot, which struck about three feet short of the water line, raked the copper off her bottom under water, and cut the plank half through. In the evening the wind blew strong from the N. N. E.: the squadron weighed and kept under sail all night. The day following it anchored, Tripoli bearing S. S. W., six miles distant.

At 10, A. M., the French consul hoisted a white flag-staff under the national colours, which was a signal that the bashaw was ready to treat. A boat was sent into the harbour,

and took this opportunity to forward captain Bainbridge and his officers letters from their friends; the boat was not allowed to land, but returned in the afternoon, and brought a letter, advising that the bashaw was ready to receive 500 dollars for the ransom of each of the prisoners, and terminate the war without any consideration for peace or tribute. This is 350,000 dollars less than was demanded previous to the action of the 3d inst. These terms, says the commodore, I did not hesitate to reject, as I was informed, by captain Chauncey, that it was the expectation of our government, on the arrival of four frigates, to obtain the release of the officers and crew of the Philadelphia without ransom, and dictate the terms of peace.

No news being received of the frigates, and but short allowance of water in the squadron, the Enterprize was sent, on the 16th, to Malta, with orders to hire transports, and send off immediately a supply of fresh water, provision, and other stores, which had become necessary, as some of the squadron had now been five months in sight of this dismal coast without once visiting a friendly port; these vessels as well as the gun-boats receiving their supply of water and provisions from the Constitution.

As the season for bad weather was fast approaching, and no tokens of the frigates, it was determined to make an attack as soon as the wind proved favourable. At 8, P. M., captains Decatur and Chauncey, in two small boats, were sent to reconnoitre the harbour, and observe the disposition of the enemy's flotilla at night; they returned at midnight, and reported that they were anchored in a line abreast, from the mole to the bashaw's castle, with their heads to the eastward, for the defence of the inner harbour. At day-light the wind shifted suddenly from N. E. to N. N. W. and brought a heavy sea on shore, which obliged the squadron, for the greater safety, to weigh and stand to sea.

Having gained, next day, an offing of nine or ten leagues, they met with the ketch Intrepid, from Syracuse, with a cargo of fresh water, stock, and vegetables for the squadron; and the ensuing day fell in with a ship from Malta, with water and live stock for the squadron. These cargoes arrived very opportunely, as the crews had, for some time past, been on short allowance of water. The wind having moderated, they stood in, and anchored with the squadron, six miles N. E. by N. from Tripoli; all the boats were engaged in discharging the transports.

On the 24th, with a light breeze from the N. E., the squadron stood in and prepared for action, intending to attack the town and shipping in the night. At eight in the evening they anchored about two and a half miles from the batteries. At midnight it fell calm. The bomb vessels were sent, under the protection of the gun boats, to bombard the town; the boats of the squadron were employed in towing them in. At 2, A. M., the bombardment commenced, and continued until day-light. At 6, all the boats were taken in tow by the squadron, which was under weigh, and standing off. At 7, it anchored four miles north of the town.

The weather proved bad till the 28th, when, at 3, P. M., they weighed, and stood in for Tripoli. At 5, the Constitution anchored two miles N. by E. from Fort English, and two and a half from the bashaw's castle; the light vessels being ordered to keep under weigh. They were employed till 8, P. M., in making arrangements for attacking the town; a number of the officers and many of the seamen of the Constitution being attached to the bomb, gun, and ship's boats; captain Chauncey, with several of his officers, and about seventy seamen and marines, volunteered their services on board the Constitution. All the boats in the squadron were officered and manned, and attached to the several gun-boats: the two bomb

vessels could not be brought into action, as one was leaky, and the mortar bed of the other had given way. The John Adams, Scourge, transports, and bombs, were anchored seven miles to the northward of the town. Lieutenant-commandant Dent, of the Scourge, came on board the Constitution, and took charge of the gun-deck; lieutenant Izard, of the Scourge, also joined. Lieutenant Gordon commanded gun boat No. 2, and lieutenant Laurence, of the Enterprize, No. 5: these were the only changes. At half past 1, A. M., the gun boats, in two divisions, led by captains Decatur and Somers, were ordered to advance, and take their stations close to the rocks, at the entrance of the harbour, within grape-shot distance of the bashaw's castle. The Siren, Argus, Vixen, Nautilus, Enterprize, and boats of the squadron, accompanied them. At 3, A. M., the boats anchored with springs on, within pistol-shot of the rocks, and commenced a brisk firing on the shipping, town, batteries, and bashaw's castle, which was warmly returned, but not as well directed; the ship's boats remained with the gun boats to assist in boarding the enemy's flotilla, if it should venture out, while the brigs and schooners kept under weigh, ready for the same service, or for annoying the enemy, as occasion might present. At day-light, presuming that the gun boats had nearly expended their ammunition, the Constitution weighed and stood in for the harbour. Fort English, the bashaw's castle, crown and mole batteries kept up a heavy fire on her as she advanced. At half past 5 the signal was made for the gun boats to retire from action, and for the brigs and schooners to take them in tow; she was then within two cable's length of the rocks, and commenced a heavy fire of round and grape on thirteen of the enemy's gun boats and gallies, which were in pretty close action with her boats. She sunk one of the enemy's boats; at the same time two more disabled ran on

shore to avoid sinking; the remainder immediately retreated. She continued running in until she was within musket shot of the crown and mole batteries, when she brought to, and fired upwards of 300 round shot, besides grape and canister, into the town, bashaw's castle, and batteries. She silenced the castle and two of the batteries for some time. At a quarter past 6, the gun boats being all out of shot and in tow, she hauled off, after having been three quarters of an hour in close action. The gun boats fired upwards of 400 round shot, besides grape and canister, with good effect. A large Tunisian galliot was sunk in the mole; a Spanish ship, which had entered with an ambassador from the grand seignior, received considerable damage. The Tripoline gallies and gun boats lost many men, and were much cut.

The bashaw's castle and town suffered very much; as did their crown and mole batteries. Captains Decatur and Somers conducted their divisions of gun boats with their usual firmness and address; and were well supported by the officers and men attached to them. The brigs and schooners were also well conducted during the action, and fired a number of shot at the enemy; but their guns are too light to do much execution. They suffered considerably in their sails and rigging. The officers and crew of the Constitution behaved well; captain Chauncey gave very able assistance on the quarter deck of the Constitution during the whole of the action. The damage which that ship received was principally above the hull; three lower shrouds, two spring stays, two top-mast back stays, trusses, chains, and lists of the main yard shot away.

Her sails had several cannon shot through them, and were besides considerably cut by grape; much of her rigging cut to pieces; one of her anchor stocks and her larboard cable shot away, and a number of grape shot were sticking in different parts of the hull: but not a man hurt! A boat belonging to the John

Adams, with a master's mate (Mr. Creighton) and eight men, was sunk by a double headed shot from the batteries, while in tow of the Nautilus, which killed three men and badly wounded one, who, with Mr. Creighton, and the other four, were picked up by one of the boats. The only damage the gun boats sustained, was in their rigging and sails, which were considerably cut with the enemy's round and grape shot.

At 11, A. M., the squadron anchored five miles N. E. by N. from Tripoli, and repaired the damage received in the action.

On September the 2d, the bomb vessels having been repaired and ready for service, lieutenants Dent and Robinson resumed the command of them. Lieutenant Morris of the Argus took command of No. 3; and lieutenant Trippe, having nearly recovered from his wounds, resumed the command of No. 6, which he so gallantly conducted on the 3d. Captain Chauncey, with several young gentlemen, and sixty men from the John Adams, volunteered on board the Constitution. At 5, P. M., the signal was made to weigh; kept under sail all night. At 11, P. M., a general signal to prepare for battle: a Spanish polacre, in ballast, came out of Tripoli, with an ambassador of the grand seignior on board, who had been sent from Constantinople to Tripoli to confirm the bashaw in his title: this ceremony takes place, in all the Barbary regencies, every five years. The captain of this vessel informed, that our shot and shells had made great havoc and destruction in the city and among the shipping, and that a vast number of people had been killed; also, that three of the boats, which had been sunk by our shot, in the actions of the 3d and 28th ult., had been got up, repaired, and fitted for service.

On the 3d, at 2, P. M., Tripoli bore S. S. W., two and a half miles distant, wind E. by N. At half past 2, the signals were made for the gun boats to cast off, advance, and attack the enemy's galleys and gun

boats, which were all under weigh in the eastern part of the harbour, whither they had for some time been working up against the wind. This was certainly a judicious movement of their's, as it precluded the possibility of the American boats going down to attack the town, without leaving the enemy's flotilla in their rear, and directly to windward. The bomb vessels were accordingly ordered to run down within proper distance of the town, and bombard it, while the gun boats were to engage the enemy's galleys and boats to windward.

At half past 3, P. M., the bombs having gained the station to which they were directed, anchored, and commenced throwing shells into the city. At the same time, the gun boats opened a brisk fire on the galleys, and within point blank shot, which was warmly returned by them and fort English, and by a new battery, a little to the westward; but as soon as the boats had arrived within good musket shot of their galleys and boats, they gave way and retreated to the shore within the rocks and under cover of musketry from fort English. They were followed by the boats, and by the Siren, Argus, Vixen, Nautilus, and Enterprize, as far as the reefs would permit them to go with prudence. The action was then divided. One division of the boats, with the brigs and schooners, attacked fort English, whilst the other was engaged with the enemy's galleys and boats. The bashaw's castle, the mole, crown, and several other batteries, kept up a constant fire on our bomb vessels, which were well conducted, and threw shells briskly into the town; but, from their situation, they were very much exposed, and in great danger of being sunk. The Constitution ran within them to draw off the enemy's attention, and amuse them whilst the bombardment was kept up. She brought to within reach of grape, and fired eleven broadsides into the bashaw's castle, town, and batteries, in a situation where more than seventy guns could

bear upon them. One of their batteries was silenced; the town, castle, and other batteries considerably damaged.

By this time, it was half past 4 o'clock. The wind was encreasing, and inclining rapidly to the northward. The signal was made for the boats to retire from action, and for the brigs and schooners to take them in tow, and soon after hauled off with the Constitution to repair damages. The commodore's main-top-sail was totally disabled by a shell from the batteries, which cut away the leach rope and several cloths of the sail. Another shell went through the fore top-sail, and one through the jib. All the sails were considerably cut; two topmast back stays shot away, main sheets, fore-tacks, lists, braces, bow lines and the running rigging generally very much cut, but no shot in the hull, excepting a few grape. The gun boats were an hour and fifteen minutes in action. They disabled several of the enemy's galleys and boats, and considerably damaged fort English. Most of the boats received damage in their rigging and sails. The bomb vessel No. 1, commanded by lieutenant Robinson, was disabled, every shroud being shot away, the bed of the mortar rendered useless, and the vessel near sinking. She was, however, towed off.

About fifty shells were thrown into the town, and our boats fired 400 round shot, besides grape and canister. They were led into action by captains Decatur and Somers with their usual gallantry. The brigs and schooners were handsomely conducted, and fired many shot with effect at fort English, which they were near enough to reach with their carronades. They suffered considerably in their rigging, and the Argus received a thirty-two pound shot in the hull forward, which cut off a bower cable as it entered. The squadron kept under weigh until 11, P. M., when it anchored, Tripoli bearing S. S. W., distant three leagues. The commo-

dore again with pleasure acknowledges the services of an able and active officer in captain Chauncey, serving on the quarter deck of the Constitution. At sun rise the signal was made for the squadron to prepare for action. The carpenters were sent on board the bombs to repair damages, and the boats employed in supplying the bombs and gun boats with ammunition, and to replace the expenditures.

Desirous of annoying the enemy by all the means in his power, the commodore directed to be put into execution a long contemplated plan of sending a fire-ship, or infernal, into the harbour of Tripoli, in the night, for the purpose of endeavouring to destroy the enemy's shipping, and shatter the bashaw's castle and town. Captain Somers, of the Nautilus, having volunteered his services, had, for several days before this period, been directing the preparation of the ketch Intrepid, assisted by lieutenants Wadsworth and Israel. About a hundred barrels of powder, and a hundred and fifty fixed shells, were apparently judiciously disposed of on board her. The fusees leading to the magazine, where all the powder was deposited, were calculated to burn a quarter of an hour.

September the 4th, the Intrepid being prepared for the intended service, captain Somers and lieutenant Wadsworth made choice of two of the fastest rowing boats in the squadron for bringing them out. After reaching their destination, and firing the combustibles and materials which were to communicate with the fusees, captain Somers' boat was manned with four seamen from the Nautilus, and lieutenant Wadsworth's with six from the Constitution. Lieutenant Israel accompanied them. At 8 in the evening the Intrepid was under sail, and standing for the port, with a leading breeze from the eastward. The Argus, Vixen, and Nautilus convoyed her as far as the rock. On entering the harbour several shot were fired at her from the batteries.

In a few minutes after, when she had apparently nearly gained the intended place of destination, she suddenly exploded, without their having previously fired a room filled with splinters and other combustibles, which were intended to create a blaze, in order to deter the enemy from boarding, whilst the fire was communicating to the fusees which led to the magazine. The effect of the explosion awed their batteries into profound silence with astonishment. Not a gun was afterwards fired for the night. The shrieks of the inhabitants informed us that the town was thrown into the greatest terror and consternation by the explosion of the magazine, and the bursting and falling of shells in all directions. The whole squadron waited with the utmost anxiety to learn the fate of the adventurers, from a signal previously agreed on in case of success, but waited in vain; no signs of their safety were to be observed. The Argus, Vixen, and Nautilus hovered round the entrance of the port until sun-rise, when they had a fair view of the whole harbour. Not a vestige of the ketch or boats were to be seen. One of the enemy's largest gun boats was missing, and three others were seen very much shattered and damaged, which the enemy were hauling on shore.

From these circumstances it was believed, that these boats were detached from the enemy's flotilla to intercept the ketch, and, without suspecting her to be a fire ship, the missing boat had suddenly boarded her, when the gallant Somers and heroes of his party, observing the other three boats surrounding them, and no prospect of escape, determined at once to prefer *death* and the destruction of the *enemy*, to captivity and torturing slavery, put a match to the train leading directly to the magazine, which at once blew the whole into the air, and terminated their existence. My conjectures respecting this affair are founded on a resolution, which captain Somers, lieutenant Wadsworth, and Israel

had formed, neither to be taken by the enemy, nor suffer them to get possession of the powder on board the Intrepid. They expected to enter the harbour without discovery, but had declared, if they should be disappointed, and the enemy should board them, before they reached the point of destination, in such force as to leave them no hopes of a safe retreat, they would put a match to the magazine, and blow themselves and their enemies up together; determined, as there was no exchange of prisoners, that their country should never pay ransom for them, nor the enemy receive a supply of powder through their means. The disappearance of one of the enemy's boats, and the shattered condition of three others, confirm me in my opinion that they were an advanced guard, detached from the main body of the flotilla on discovering the approach of the Intrepid, and that they attempted to board her, before she had reached her point of destination otherwise the whole of their shipping must have suffered, and perhaps would have been totally destroyed. That she was blown up before she had gained her station is certain, by which the service has lost three very gallant officers. Captain Somers, and lieutenants Wadsworth and Israel were officers of conspicuous bravery, talents, and merit; they had uniformly distinguished themselves in the several actions; were beloved and lamented by the whole squadron.

On September the 5th they were employed in supplying the gun boats with ammunition, &c., and repairing the bomb vessels for another attack, but the wind shifting to the N. N. E., a heavy swell setting on shore, and other indications of bad weather, determined the commodore, for greater safety, to take the guns, mortars, shot, and shells out of the boats into the Constitution and John Adams, which was accordingly done. The weather continuing to wear a threatening aspect until the 7th, and their ammunition being reduced to a quantity not more than

sufficient for three vessels to keep up the blockade; no intelligence of the expected reinforcement; and the season so far advanced as to render it imprudent to hazard the gun boats any longer on the station; he gave orders for the John Adams, Syren, Nautilus, Enterprize, and Scourge to take the bombs and gun boats in tow, and proceed to Syracuse with them, the Argus and Vixen to remain with the Constitution to keep up the blockade.

On September the 10th, the United States ship, President, commodore Barron, and Constellation, captain Campbell, hove in sight, and soon joined company, when the command of the squadron was surrendered to commodore Barron, with the usual ceremony. They continued in company till the 12th, when three strange ships came in sight, standing direct for Tripoli. Chase was given, and two of them boarded and taken possession of by the Constitution, the President in company, about four leagues from Tripoli, but not more than five miles from the land; while the Constellation and Argus were in chase of the third. The two boarded by the Constitution were loaded with about sixteen thousand bushels of wheat. Tripoli is in a starving condition, and there can be no doubt but these cargoes were meant as a supply and relief to them.

Considering the season too far advanced, and weather too uncertain to hazard any further operations against Tripoli at present, commodore Barron determined that the prizes should be sent to Malta, under convoy of the Constitution, it being necessary she should go into port to be re-caulked and refitted.

For the Literary Magazine.

CARDS.

WHAT myriads of precious minutes have been wasted, by the people of the most civilized countries,

and especially by that class from whom, with regard to fortune and education, most might have been expected, on cards. It is now upwards of four hundred years since they were invented, and doubtless they have been the instrument of the consumption of more time, more money, and more happiness than any other thing in the world.

Cards may be considered as the instrument of gaming, or merely as the means of killing time. In the former light, no one can be found hardy enough to be their apologist. If any thing can be said in their defence, it must be in the light of mere pastime and diversion, and so far as pastime or diversion of a sedentary nature is allowable, cards seem to have admirably answered the purpose, for surely no amusement has ever been pursued with greater eagerness and perseverance, and by greater numbers, than cards.

Mere pastime is, however, all the purpose they answer. As played at present, they are peculiarly unmeaning and nonsensical. The names and figures by which they are distinguished are barbarous and absurd. What relation is there between the figures on cards and the meaning custom gives to the English words clubs and diamonds, hearts and spades? What possible instruction can be gathered from them? The coarse and childish figures called king, queen, and knave are scarcely human; and though the present improved state of the arts, one would imagine, would more promptly manifest itself in the portraits upon cards than in any thing, yet no alteration has taken place, in this respect, since their invention.

One naturally imagines that, if cards had a particular inventor, he must had more meaning and design in his contrivance than modern players are aware of, and, perhaps, by finding out and reviving the original design of the original inventor, cards might, in some degree, be rescued from the charge of

folly and absurdity, to which they are at present liable.

Upon inquiry it will be found, that the inventor did not act totally without design, for we are informed that he intended the four suits to represent the four orders of the state. *Hearts*, cœurs, which should be *chœurs*, choirmen, the church, the Spaniards represent copes, or chalices instead of hearts. *Shades*, in French, piques, pikes; in Spanish swords, *spada*, the military order or nobility. *Diamonds*, carreaux, on Spanish cards *dineros*, coins, the moneyed or mercantile part. Clubs, trefoil in French, in Spanish *basta*, a club or country weapon, the husbandman or peasantry.

This distribution of the community into classes evinces considerable judgment, and we may easily perceive that games and combinations might be built upon this device by no means deficient in usefulness and dignity.

My author does not tell me in what manner the inventor directed his cards to be played, so that the results might bear some relation to the mutual influence of these classes in society; but, as they were invented for the amusement of a king, there is little doubt that the mode of playing them originally prescribed was adapted to convey some political instruction.

Human society is, in reality, a stage on which these identical parties are eternally contending for the mastery. Success, in this great real game, depends, like success in cards, partly on skill, and partly on contingency, or what we call chance. In this respect cards are a juster picture of human life than draughts or chess, in which success is made entirely to depend upon superior prudence or foresight.

But, alas! what a lamentable example of the perversion of a thing from its original design is to be found in cards!

In modern times, and, perhaps, in a few years after the invention, cards became a mere pastime of

idiots destitute of sense and meaning, or the instrument by which stupid and depraved minds sought relief from the langour of idleness, in risking their money.

For the Literary Magazine.

A CASE OF MURDER.

AUSTERE moralists are inclined to consider drunkenness as a crime to be punished by human tribunals, but this system, if adopted, would involve law-makers and judges in very great difficulties. They would find it impossible to form an adequate scale applicable to the offence.

For example, how shall casuists determine the degree of guilt of one whom a few drops of any thing spirituous intoxicates into a mischievous insanity, and of one who can drink bottle after bottle with impunity, or whom topping only sinks into impotent stupidity, or idiotic good-nature? And does not the guilt of drunkenness consist rather in the indulgence of appetite than in the deprivation of reason?

Every crime, indeed, chargeable on human nature, is capable of casuistical distinctions, by which, if the makers or expounders of law would hearken to them, they would be entangled in endless riddles.

Few would hesitate to pronounce a man guilty of murder who should plunge his knife into a poor sick wretch who was unable to help himself. This deed would not be thought justified by any guilt imputed to the sick man, for it is not every individual who is commissioned to punish, with death, another who, in his opinion, deserves it. What judgment, then, are we required to pass upon the following incident?

A friend of mine, who studied at a celebrated university, having a strong attachment to anatomy, took great pleasure in attending dissections. One evening he, and many others, were anxiously attending the

commencement of that operation, on the body of a notorious malefactor, which lay stretched out on the table before them: the surgeon, who had been placing it in a proper position, turning to the company, addressed them thus: I am pretty certain, gentlemen, from the warmth of the subject, and the flexibility of the limbs, that by a proper degree of attention and care, the vital heat would return, and life, in consequence, take place. But then, when it is considered what a rascal we should again have among us; that he was executed for having murdered a girl who was with child by him; and that, were he to be restored to life, he would probably murder somebody else: when all these things are coolly considered, I own, it is *my* opinion, that we had better proceed with the dissection. With these words, he plunged the knife into the breast of the culprit, and precluded at once all dread of future assassinations, or hopes of future repentance.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE WOMEN OF THE ROMANS.

IT has almost grown into an axiom, that the real civilization of a nation may be estimated by nothing more accurately than by the condition of its women. If women are respected as such, if attention be paid to their education, if the social intercourse between the sexes be liberal and frequent, it is inferred that manners have more mildness and humanity than where these appearances are wanting.

Strictly speaking, that nation, the females of which are raised to an equality with the males, must be in a better condition than another where the women are degraded, oppressed, or neglected, because the females are at least a moiety of the whole, and, consequently, the half which, in the former case, is equal to the other half, are, in the

latter, debased into the condition of automaton and slaves. But this is not the meaning of the axiom. It is thought that the manners of the *men* of a nation are improved by the equality or distinction of the other sex.

I am afraid this notion has no very firm foundation in experience. At any rate, how shall we reconcile the moral, intellectual, and political refinement of the Greeks and Romans with the debased condition of their women?

The Roman notions of women may be easily collected from their celebrated writers: at least there is nothing else from which they can be collected.

The women of Plautus are almost uniformly bad. Those in Terence are little better; and the only one among them who had done a good action, begs pardon of her husband, as being convinced of her own criminality, in doing it.

“Mi Chreme, peccavi! Fateor. Vincor.”

It will hardly be believed by the unclassical reader, that the fault for which the good lady begs pardon in these humble strains,

—“I was wrong, my Chremes, I own it. I am convinced of it,”

was neither more nor less than the saving her child from being murdered, as *her* husband and *its* father, had ordered.

Virgil, far from showing the least respect to the female sex, has treated them (even according to his panegyrist Dryden), in an unjust, unmanly stile. He has falsified both the *æra* and the character of Dido, in order to render her odious and contemptible. He makes queen Amata turbulent and tipling, and the princess Lavinia undutiful and unbelieving. Dryden adds, “that she looks a little flickering after Turnus.” His goddesses are no better than his mortals. Juno is always in a passion, and surely (as Dryden observes) Venus is too impudently

presuming, in expecting that her husband should make armour for his wife's bastard.

Camilla is the only female of whom the poet begins to speak well, but soon dashes down her character, by calling her

"Aspera et Horrenda Virgo;"

Which, like Bojardo's "Gatta, fiera, cruda, dispietata," applied to Marfisa, conveys a meaning as distant from any thing amiable, as words can paint.

As to Horace, it would puzzle any one to find one woman of common decency spoken of in any of his works, unless, indeed, we except Livia, the wife of Augustus, whom he calls

Unico gaudens Mulier marito.

The woman contented with one husband.

All the rest of his ladies are precisely such as are found, at this day, vagabond in streets, or permanent in brothels. They are all Chloes, Lydes, Lydias, and Cynaras. Their characters appear to have been equally light, and most of them seem to have added the worship of Bacchus to that of Cupid: that is, in plain terms, to be not only prostitutes but drunkards. He treats them accordingly, and recommends it to one of them to take care, lest her keeper, in a fit of jealousy, should spoil her fashionable cap.

One tolerably modest woman, indeed, Neobule, he seems to have known; but his notions of her delicacy do not prevent him from condoling with her on the severity of her uncle, who will neither permit her to entertain a lover, nor to wash away her cares with wine.

Juvenal need not be mentioned: he avows himself scarcely to have even heard of a modest woman since the golden age.

The prose writers of the Augustan æra seem to have favoured the sex no more than the poets; and Seneca's account of the ladies of his

time affords a no less unfavourable picture of the age.

The sentiments thus expressed or implied of women can hardly be deemed characteristic of the individuals who express them. If they are to be viewed in this light, these great geniuses, Virgil and Horace, are certainly open to great censure. What, in particular, shall we think of the morality, the taste, or the dignity of a poet who seems to know nothing of women but as they were to be found in the dram-shop and the brothel? There is, indeed, a coarseness, I was going to say brutality, in the manner in which Horace introduces women, which is not to be found in the other amatory poets of the age. Ovid and Tibullus are occasionally vulgar and smutty, but they likewise abound with passages which show that they had known and could comprehend female delicacy, dignity, tenderness, and chastity. R.

For the Literary Magazine.

WITCHCRAFT.

WITCHCRAFT, in the present age, is so generally exploded, that it is difficult for us to imagine by what means any part of mankind could be persuaded of its reality. To punish witchcraft, as it was formerly punished, we may be tempted to consider as the wildest impulse of prejudice and folly, and account for it merely by supposing the judge under the dominion of a blind and obstinate delusion, similar to that which governs the inhabitants of Bedlam.

And, yet, strange as it may seem, follies more palpable than this have had their strenuous champions, in every age, and among the most ingenious and enlightened of mankind. Genius does not protect men from error. It only more fatally misleads them, by supporting them in their grotesque opinions by more plausible subtleties.

It is amusing to read the learned Selden's defence of the witch act. Thus he reasons on the subject.

"The law against witches does not prove there be any, but it punishes the malice of those people that use such means to take away men's lives. If one should profess that by turning his hat thrice and crying *buzz*, he could take away a man's life (though in truth he could do no such thing), yet this were a just law made by the state, that whosoever should turn his hat thrice and cry *buzz*, with an intention to take away a man's life, shall be put to death."

For the Literary Magazine.

ALLIANCE BETWEEN POVERTY AND GENIUS.

THE truest stimulus to literary efforts, in writing, it has been long ago observed, is necessity. The most ingenious and eloquent of mortals is silent, when relieved from the necessity of writing for bread. This has been a very prevalent opinion, and yet it is either groundless, or it admits of a considerable number of exceptions.

It does not appear that Spenser, Shakespeare, or Milton wrote principally, if in any degree, for the sake of a subsistence. The same may be said of Robertson and Gibbon, the most laborious of historians. Those men had no objection to combine profit with honour, but the latter appears to have been the chief motive of their zeal and industry.

The great improvers in science, from Bacon to Priestley, have been influenced to commit their speculations to paper by other motives than mercenary ones.

If a great many authors have been poor, it does not follow, though this inference is vulgarly made, that poverty made them authors; on the contrary, it is their authorship that has made them poor. Their little regard for wealth has made them neglectful of the various ways by

which riches are amassed. What made Johnson, Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns poor? Nothing but their indifference to riches. Had they been as deeply impressed with the value of property as the majority of mankind, there was surely no profession, liberal or mechanical, too high for their capacity.

It is true that few bright productions have flowed from the pens of enormously wealthy writers; but this is only a new proof of the blessings of mediocrity. Men can only be rich by *inheritance*, according to the legal phrase, or by *purchase*. Those that inherit wealth commonly receive an education that totally unfits them for intellectual pursuits. Those who acquire it by their own efforts must be qualified, by their taste and habits, for those professions which are followed by wealth: professions that fix the mind upon objects very different from poetical fables and scientific theories.

Besides, though the rich are seldom authors, there are other methods of displaying a literary spirit besides that of writing books. To read, reflect, enquire, by deduction or experiment, is the occupation of vast numbers who are free from the vanity of book-making. They know that there are books enough in the world, and their modesty forbids them to imagine that they can beneficially add to the number.

Poverty is far from being a spur to genius; wealth is far less unfriendly, though its influence is certainly not propitious to it. It is the middle class that produces every kind of worth in the greatest abundance. We must not look for fertility on the hill top, nor at the bottom of the glen. It is only found in the plains and intermediate slopes.

B.

For the Literary Magazine.

PASTORAL MANNERS.

THERE cannot be a stronger proof that the bulk of mankind have

had nearly the same ideas in all ages, than that *Idyllium* of Theocritus, adapted to modern times, by the ingenious Robert Lloyd. Whoever will take the pains of comparing the two poems, will find that the chit-chat of two Grecian women of a middling rank, the adventures they meet when in pursuit of a fine sight, their distresses, escapes, observations, and return homewards, are, with hardly any alteration, the same in Philadelphia in 1805, that they were in Egypt some hundred years before the christian era.

For the Literary Magazine.

BLUNDERS.

IGNORANCE of the ancient languages has sometimes been productive of whimsical, and sometimes of very direful mistakes.

At a period when it was a prevalent fancy, among the Italian literati, to adopt favourite names from the Greek or Latin tongues, in preference to their own original ones, Antonius Palearius chose to signalize his love of the muses by altering his first name to *Aonius*. A fanatic, who had taken the name of Latinus Latinus, accused him of having abandoned the appellation Antonius, merely that he might expel from his name the letter T, which represents the cross; and this charge, among others, contributed to bring him into the fangs of the inquisition, by whom he was condemned to the stake.

During the civil contests of Italy, two little towns, Brisiguella and Imola, both in the district of Bologna, were remarkably incensed against each other, although near neighbours. Those of the former place not being very great proficients in the Latin tongue, were peculiarly disgusted with the compliment which they apprehended was partially paid to their adversaries, in the daily service, "Qui

Immolatus est nobis," and with great patriotism decreed that, in lieu of this offensive passage, the priest should chant "*Qui Brisiguellatus est nobis*."

For the Literary Magazine.

OATHS.

NO tenet of the quakers, or *friends*, exposed them, in early times, to so much persecution as their scruples with respect to swearing. At this time one cannot look back, without astonishment, on the stress that was formerly laid upon an *oath*. The writers on these subjects would persuade us, that the principle of *gravity* is not more necessary to keep the universe together, than the formulary of an oath is to preserve the system of human society whole. That construction which Robert Barclay put upon the scriptural prohibition to swear was universally and promptly rejected, not only in consequence of certain principles of interpretation, but because of the social evils which must flow from admitting it: evils, as they imagined, fatal to the very foundation of the social system. Hence, with what caution and reluctance did the legislature admit the followers of Barclay to attest their sincerity by other means than an oath! And to this day, if I mistake not, nothing but an oath is listened to, by judge or jury, in all criminal cases.

I lately met with the following little incident, which, I think, illustrates, with no small force, the principles that really govern mankind on these occasions:

The oath used among the Highlanders, in judicial proceedings, contains a most solemn denunciation of vengeance, in case of perjury, and involves the wife and children, the arable and the meadow-land, of the party who takes it, all together in an abyss of destruction. When it

is administered, there is no book to be kissed, but the right hand is held up while the oath is repeated.

A Highlander, at the Carlisle assizes, had sworn positively, in the English mode, to a fact of consequence. His indifference during that solemnity having been observed, by the opposite party, he was required to confirm his testimony by taking the oath of his own country to the same. "No, no," said the mountaineer, in the northern dialect, "ken ye not thar is a hantle 'o difference 'twixt blawing on a buke, and domming one's ain saul?"

For the Literary Magazine.

LOVE.

AMONG the various forms in which love manifests itself, it will not be easy to produce a case parallel to that of Margaret of Valois, wife of Henry IV, who accompanied the duchess of Nevers, at a very early age, on a midnight expedition to fetch from the gibbet the heads of two infamous courtiers, their gallants, Coconnas and La Motte. These they embalmed and preserved in their cabinets.

For the Literary Magazine.

SOMNAMBULISM.

A fragment.

[The following fragment will require no other preface or commentary than an extract from the Vienna Gazette of June 14, 1784. "At Great Glogau, in Silesia, the attention of physicians, and of the people, has been excited by the case of a young man, whose behaviour indicates perfect health in all respects but one. He has a habit of rising in his sleep, and performing a great many actions with as much order and exactness as when awake. This habit for a long time showed itself in freaks and achieve-

ments merely innocent, or, at least, only troublesome and inconvenient, till about six weeks ago. At that period a shocking event took place about three leagues from the town, and in the neighbourhood where the youth's family resides. A young lady, travelling with her father by night, was shot dead upon the road, by some person unknown. The officers of justice took a good deal of pains to trace the author of the crime, and at length, by carefully comparing circumstances, a suspicion was fixed upon this youth. After an accurate scrutiny, by the tribunal of the circle, he has been declared author of the murder: but what renders the case truly extraordinary is, that there are good reasons for believing that the deed was perpetrated by the youth while asleep, and was entirely unknown to himself. The young woman was the object of his affection, and the journey in which she had engaged had given him the utmost anxiety for her safety."]

—OUR guests were preparing to retire for the night, when somebody knocked loudly at the gate. The person was immediately admitted, and presented a letter to Mr. Davis. This letter was from a friend, in which he informed our guest of certain concerns of great importance, on which the letter-writer was extremely anxious to have a personal conference with his friend; but knowing that he intended to set out from — four days previous to his writing, he was hindered from setting out by the apprehension of missing him upon the way. Meanwhile, he had deemed it best to send a special message to quicken his motions, should he be able to find him.

The importance of this interview was such, that Mr. Davis declared his intention of setting out immediately. No solicitations could induce him to delay a moment. His daughter, convinced of the urgency of his motives, readily consented to brave the perils and discomforts of a nocturnal journey.

This event had not been antici-

pated by me. The shock that it produced in me was, to my own apprehension, a subject of surprise. I could not help perceiving that it was greater than the occasion would justify. The pleasures of this intercourse were, in a moment, to be ravished from me. I was to part from my new friend, and when we should again meet it was impossible to foresee. It was then that I recollected her expressions, that assured me that her choice was fixed upon another. If I saw her again, it would probably be as a wife. The claims of friendship, as well as those of love, would then be swallowed up by a superior and hateful obligation.

But, though betrothed, she was not wedded. That was yet to come; but why should it be considered as inevitable? Our dispositions and views must change with circumstances. Who was he that Constantia Davis had chosen? Was he born to outstrip all competitors in ardour and fidelity? We cannot fail of chusing that which appears to us most worthy of choice. He had hitherto been unrivalled; but was not this day destined to introduce to her one, to whose merits every competitor must yield? He that would resign this prize, without an arduous struggle, would, indeed, be of all wretches the most pusillanimous and feeble.

Why, said I, do I cavil at her present choice? I will maintain that it does honour to her discernment. She would not be that accomplished being which she seems, if she had acted otherwise. It would be sacrilege to question the rectitude of her conduct. The object of her choice was worthy. The engagement of her heart in his favour was unavoidable, because her experience had not hitherto produced one deserving to be placed in competition with him. As soon as his superior is found, his claims will be annihilated. Has not this propitious accident supplied the defects of her former observation? But soft! is she not betrothed? If she

be, what have I to dread? The engagement is accompanied with certain conditions. Whether they be openly expressed or not, they necessarily limit it. Her vows are binding on condition that the present situation continues, and that another does not arise, previously to marriage, by whose claims those of the present lover will be justly superseded.

But how shall I contend with this unknown admirer? She is going whither it will not be possible for me to follow her. An interview of a few hours is not sufficient to accomplish the important purpose that I meditate; but even this is now at an end. I shall speedily be forgotten by her. I have done nothing that entitles me to a place in her remembrance. While my rival will be left at liberty to prosecute his suit, I shall be abandoned to solitude, and have no other employment than to ruminate on the bliss that has eluded my grasp. If scope were allowed to my exertions, I might hope that they would ultimately be crowned with success; but, as it is, I am manacled and powerless. The good would easily be reached, if my hands were at freedom: now that they are fettered, the attainment is impossible.

But is it true that such is my forlorn condition? What is it that irrecoverably binds me to this spot? There are seasons of respite from my present occupations, in which I commonly indulge myself in journeys. This lady's habitation is not at an immeasurable distance from mine. It may be easily comprised within the sphere of my excursions. Shall I want a motive or excuse for paying her a visit? Her father has claimed to be better acquainted with my uncle. The lady has intimated, that the sight of me, at any future period, will give her pleasure. This will furnish ample apology for visiting their house. But why should I delay my visit? Why not immediately attend them on their way? If not on their whole journey, at

least for a part of it? A journey in darkness is not unaccompanied with peril. Whatever be the caution or knowledge of their guide, they cannot be supposed to surpass mine, who have trodden this part of the way so often, that my chamber floor is scarcely more familiar to me. Besides, there is danger, from which, I am persuaded, my attendance would be a sufficient, an indispensable safeguard.

I am unable to explain why I conceived this journey to be attended with uncommon danger. My mind was, at first, occupied with the remoter consequences of this untimely departure, but my thoughts gradually returned to the contemplation of its immediate effects. There were twenty miles to a ferry, by which the travellers designed to cross the river, and at which they expected to arrive at sun-rise the next morning. I have said that the intermediate way was plain and direct. Their guide professed to be thoroughly acquainted with it.—From what quarter, then, could danger be expected to arise? It was easy to enumerate and magnify possibilities; that a tree, or ridge, or stone unobserved might overturn the carriage; that their horse might fail, or be urged, by some accident, to flight, were far from being impossible. Still they were such as justified caution. My vigilance would, at least, contribute to their security. But I could not for a moment divest myself of the belief, that my aid was indispensable. As I pondered on this image my emotions arose to terror.

All men are, at times, influenced by inexplicable sentiments. Ideas haunt them in spite of all their efforts to discard them. Prepossessions are entertained, for which their reason is unable to discover any adequate cause. The strength of a belief, when it is destitute of any rational foundation, seems, of itself, to furnish a new ground for credulity. We first admit a powerful persuasion, and then, from re-

flecting on the insufficiency of the ground on which it is built, instead of being prompted to dismiss it, we become more forcibly attached to it.

I had received little of the education of design. I owed the formation of my character chiefly to accident. I shall not pretend to determine in what degree I was credulous or superstitious. A belief, for which I could not rationally account, I was sufficiently prone to consider as the work of some invisible agent; as an intimation from the great source of existence and knowledge. My imagination was vivid. My passions, when I allowed them sway, were incontrollable. My conduct, as my feelings, was characterised by precipitation and headlong energy.

On this occasion I was eloquent in my remonstrances. I could not suppress my opinion, that unseen danger lurked in their way. When called upon to state the reasons of my apprehensions, I could only enumerate possibilities of which they were already apprised, but which they regarded in their true light. I made bold enquiries into the importance of the motives that should induce them to expose themselves to the least hazard. They could not urge their horse beyond his real strength. They would be compelled to suspend their journey for some time the next day. A few hours were all that they could hope to save by their utmost expedition. Were a few hours of such infinite moment?

In these representations I was sensible that I had over-leaped the bounds of rigid decorum. It was not my place to weigh his motives and inducements. My age and situation, in this family, rendered silence and submission my peculiar province. I had hitherto confined myself within bounds of scrupulous propriety, but now I had suddenly lost sight of all regards but those which related to the safety of the travellers.

Mr. Davis regarded my vehemence with suspicion. He eyed me

with more attention than I had hitherto received from him. The impression which this unexpected interference made upon him, I was, at the time, too much absorbed in other considerations to notice. It was afterwards plain that he suspected my zeal to originate in a passion for his daughter, which it was by no means proper for him to encourage. If this idea occurred to him, his humanity would not suffer it to generate indignation or resentment in his bosom. On the contrary, he treated my arguments with mildness, and assured me that I had over-rated the inconveniences and perils of the journey. Some regard was to be paid to his daughter's ease and health. He did not believe them to be materially endangered. They should make suitable provision of cloaks and caps against the inclemency of the air. Had not the occasion been extremely urgent, and of that urgency he alone could be the proper judge, he should certainly not consent to endure even these trivial inconveniences. "But you seem," continued he, "chiefly anxious for my daughter's sake. There is, without doubt, a large portion of gallantry in your fears. It is natural and venial in a young man to take infinite pains for the service of the ladies; but, my dear, what say you? I will refer this important question to your decision. Shall we go, or wait till the morning?"

"Go, by all means," replied she. "I confess the fears that have been expressed appear to be groundless. I am bound to our young friend for the concern he takes in our welfare, but certainly his imagination misleads him. I am not so much a girl as to be scared merely because it is dark."

I might have foreseen this decision; but what could I say? My fears and my repugnance were strong as ever.

The evil that was menaced was terrible. By remaining where they were till the next day they would escape it. Was no other method

sufficient for their preservation? My attendance would effectually obviate the danger.

This scheme possessed irresistible attractions. I was thankful to the danger for suggesting it. In the fervour of my conceptions, I was willing to run to the world's end to show my devotion to the lady. I could sustain, with alacrity, the fatigue of many nights of travelling and watchfulness. I should unspeakably prefer them to warmth and ease, if I could thereby extort from this lady a single phrase of gratitude or approbation.

I proposed to them to bear them company, at least till the morning light. They would not listen to it. Half my purpose was indeed answered by the glistening eyes and affectionate looks of Miss Davis, but the remainder I was pertinaciously bent on likewise accomplishing. If Mr. Davis had not suspected my motives, he would probably have been less indisposed to compliance. As it was, however, his objections were insuperable. They earnestly insisted on my relinquishing my design. My uncle, also, not seeing any thing that justified extraordinary precautions, added his injunctions. I was conscious of my inability to show any sufficient grounds for my fears. As long as their representations rung in my ears, I allowed myself to be ashamed of my weakness, and conjured up a temporary persuasion that my attendance was, indeed, superfluous, and that I should show most wisdom in suffering them to depart alone.

But this persuasion was transient. They had no sooner placed themselves in their carriage, and exchanged the parting adieus, but my apprehensions returned upon me as forcibly as ever. No doubt part of my despondency flowed from the idea of separation, which, however auspicious it might prove to the lady, portended unspeakable discomforts to me. But this was not all. I was breathless with fear of some unknown and terrible disaster that

awaited them. A hundred times I resolved to disregard their remonstrances, and hover near them till the morning. This might be done without exciting their displeasure. It was easy to keep aloof and be unseen by them. I should doubtless have pursued this method if my fears had assumed any definite and consistent form; if, in reality, I had been able distinctly to tell what it was that I feared. My guardianship would be of no use against the obvious sources of danger in the ruggedness and obscurity of the way. For that end I must have tendered them my services, which I knew would be refused, and, if pertinaciously obtruded on them, might justly excite displeasure. I was not insensible, too, of the obedience that was due to my uncle. My absence would be remarked. Some anger and much disquietude would have been the consequences with respect to him. And after all, what was this groundless and ridiculous persuasion that governed me? Had I profited nothing by experience of the effects of similar follies? Was I never to attend to the lessons of sobriety and truth? How ignominious to be thus the slave of a fortuitous and inexplicable impulse! To be the victim of terrors more chimerical than those which haunt the dreams of idiots and children! *They* can describe clearly, and attribute a real existence to the object of their terrors. Not so can I.

Influenced by these considerations, I shut the gate at which I had been standing, and turned towards the house. After a few steps I paused, turned, and listened to the distant sounds of the carriage. My courage was again on the point of yielding, and new efforts were requisite before I could resume my first resolutions.

I spent a drooping and melancholy evening. My imagination continually hovered over our departed guests. I recalled every circumstance of the road. I reflected by what means they were to pass that

bridge, or extricate themselves from this slough. I imagined the possibility of their guide's forgetting the position of a certain oak that grew in the road. It was an ancient tree, whose boughs extended, on all sides, to an extraordinary distance. They seemed disposed by nature in that way in which they would produce the most ample circumference of shade. I could not recollect any other obstruction from which much was to be feared. This indeed was several miles distant, and its appearance was too remarkable not to have excited attention.

The family retired to sleep. My mind had been too powerfully excited to permit me to imitate their example. The incidents of the last two days passed over my fancy like a vision. The revolution was almost incredible which my mind had undergone, in consequence of these incidents. It was so abrupt and entire that my soul seemed to have passed into a new form. I pondered on every incident till the surrounding scenes disappeared, and I forgot my real situation. I mused upon the image of Miss Davis till my whole soul was dissolved in tenderness, and my eyes overflowed with tears. There insensibly arose a sort of persuasion that destiny had irreversibly decreed that I should never see her more.

While engaged in this melancholy occupation, of which I cannot say how long it lasted, sleep overtook me as I sat. Scarcely a minute had elapsed during this period without conceiving the design, more or less strenuously, of sallying forth, with a view to overtake and guard the travellers; but this design was embarrassed with invincible objections, and was alternately formed and laid aside. At length, as I have said, I sunk into profound slumber, if that slumber can be termed profound, in which my fancy was incessantly employed in calling up the forms, into new combinations, which had constituted my waking reveries.—The images were fleeting and transient, but the events of the morrow

recalled them to my remembrance with sufficient distinctness. The terrors which I had so deeply and unaccountably imbibed could not fail of retaining some portion of their influence, in spite of sleep.

In my dreams, the design which I could not bring myself to execute while awake I embraced without hesitation. I was summoned, methought, to defend this lady from the attacks of an assassin. My ideas were full of confusion and inaccuracy. All that I can recollect is, that my efforts had been unsuccessful to avert the stroke of the murderer. This, however, was not accomplished without drawing on his head a bloody retribution. I imagined myself engaged, for a long time, in pursuit of the guilty, and, at last, to have detected him in an artful disguise. I did not employ the usual preliminaries which honour prescribes, but, stimulated by rage, attacked him with a pistol, and terminated his career by a mortal wound.

I should not have described these phantoms had there not been a remarkable coincidence between them and the real events of that night. In the morning, my uncle, whose custom it was to rise first in the family, found me quietly reposing in the chair in which I had fallen asleep. His summons roused and startled me. This posture was so unusual that I did not readily recover my recollection, and perceive in what circumstances I was placed.

I shook off the dreams of the night. Sleep had refreshed and invigorated my frame, as well as tranquillized my thoughts. I still mused on yesterday's adventures, but my reveries were more cheerful and benign. My fears and bodements were dispersed with the dark, and I went into the fields, not merely to perform the duties of the day, but to ruminate on plans for the future.

My golden visions, however, were soon converted into visions of despair. A messenger arrived before noon, intreating my presence, and

that of my uncle, at the house of Dr. Inglefield, a gentleman who resided at the distance of three miles from our house. The messenger explained the intention of this request. It appeared that the terrors of the preceding evening had some mysterious connection with truth. By some deplorable accident, Miss Davis had been shot on the road, and was still lingering in dreadful agonies at the house of this physician. I was in a field near the road when the messenger approached the house. On observing me, he called me. His tale was meagre and imperfect, but the substance of it it was easy to gather. I stood for a moment motionless and aghast. As soon as I recovered my thoughts I set off full speed, and made not a moment's pause till I reached the house of Inglefield.

The circumstances of this mournful event, as I was able to collect them at different times, from the witnesses, were these. After they had parted from us, they proceeded on their way for some time without molestation. The clouds disappearing, the star-light enabled them with less difficulty to discern their path. They met not a human being till they came within less than three miles of the oak which I have before described. Here Miss Davis looked forward with some curiosity and said to her father, "Do you not see some one in the road before us? I saw him this moment move across from the fence on the right hand and stand still in the middle of the road."

"I see nothing, I must confess," said the father: "but that is no subject of wonder; your young eyes will of course see farther than my old ones."

"I see him clearly at this moment," rejoined the lady. "If he remain a short time where he is, or seems to be, we shall be able to ascertain his properties. Our horse's head will determine whether his substance be impassive or not."

The carriage slowly advancing, and the form remaining in the same spot, Mr. Davis at length perceived

it, but was not allowed a clearer examination, for the person, having, as it seemed, ascertained the nature of the cavalcade, shot across the road, and disappeared. The behaviour of this unknown person furnished the travellers with a topic of abundant speculation.

Few possessed a firmer mind than Miss Davis; but whether she was assailed, on this occasion, with a mysterious foreboding of her destiny; whether the eloquence of my fears had not, in spite of resolution, infected her; or whether she imagined evils that my incautious temper might draw upon me, and which might originate in our late interview, certain it was that her spirits were visibly depressed. This accident made no sensible alteration in her. She was still disconsolate and incommunicative. All the efforts of her father were insufficient to inspire her with cheerfulness. He repeatedly questioned her as to the cause of this unwonted despondency. Her answer was, that her spirits were indeed depressed, but she believed that the circumstance was casual. She knew of nothing that could justify despondency. But such is humanity. Cheerfulness and dejection will take their turns in the best regulated bosoms, and come and go when they will, and not at the command of reason. This observation was succeeded by a pause. At length Mr. Davis said, "A thought has just occurred to me. The person whom we just now saw is young Althorpe."

Miss Davis was startled: "Why, my dear father, should you think so? It is too dark to judge, at this distance, by resemblance of figure. Ardent and rash as he appears to be, I should scarcely suspect him on this occasion. With all the fiery qualities of youth, unchastised by experience, untamed by adversity, he is capable no doubt of extravagant adventures, but what could induce him to act in this manner?"

"You know the fears that he expressed concerning the issue of this night's journey. We know not what

foundation he might have had for these fears. He told us of no danger that ought to deter us, but it is hard to conceive that he should have been thus vehement without cause. We know not what motives might have induced him to conceal from us the sources of his terror. And since he could not obtain our consent to his attending us, he has taken these means, perhaps, of effecting his purpose. The darkness might easily conceal him from our observation. He might have passed us without our noticing him, or he might have made a circuit in the woods we have just passed, and come out before us."

"That I own," replied the daughter, "is not improbable. If it be true, I shall be sorry for his own sake, but if there be any danger from which his attendance can secure us, I shall be well pleased for all our sakes. He will reflect with some satisfaction, perhaps, that he has done or intended us a service. It would be cruel to deny him a satisfaction so innocent."

"Pray, my dear, what think you of this young man? Does his ardour to serve us flow from a right source?"

"It flows, I have no doubt, from a double source. He has a kind heart, and delights to oblige others: but this is not all. He is likewise in love, and imagines that he cannot do too much for the object of his passion."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Davis, in some surprise. "You speak very positively. That is no more than I suspected; but how came you to know it with so much certainty?"

"The information came to me in the directest manner. He told me so himself."

"So ho! why, the impertinent young rogue!"

"Nay, my dear father, his behaviour did not merit that epithet. He is rash and inconsiderate. That is the utmost amount of his guilt. A short absence will show him the true state of his feelings. It was unavoidable, in one of his character,

to fall in love with the first woman whose appearance was in any degree specious. But attachments like these will be extinguished as easily as they are formed. I do not fear for him on this account."

"Have you reason to fear for him on any account?"

"Yes. The period of youth will soon pass away. Overweening and fickle, he will go on committing one mistake after another, incapable of repairing his errors, or of profiting by the daily lessons of experience. His genius will be merely an implement of mischief. His greater capacity will be evinced merely by the greater portion of unhappiness that, by means of it, will accrue to others or rebound upon himself."

"I see, my dear, that your spirits are low. Nothing else, surely, could suggest such melancholy presages. For my part, I question not, but he will one day be a fine fellow and a happy one. I like him exceedingly. I shall take pains to be acquainted with his future adventures, and do him all the good that I can."

"That intention," said his daughter, "is worthy of the goodness of your heart. He is no less an object of regard to me than to you. I trust I shall want neither the power nor inclination to contribute to his welfare. At present, however, his welfare will be best promoted by forgetting me. Hereafter, I shall solicit a renewal of intercourse."

"Speak lower," said the father. "If I mistake not, there is the same person again." He pointed to the field that skirted the road on the left hand. The young lady's better eyes enabled her to detect his mistake. It was the trunk of a cherry-tree that he had observed.

They proceeded in silence. Contrary to custom, the lady was buried in musing. Her father, whose temper and inclinations were moulded by those of his child, insensibly subsided into the same state.

The re-appearance of the same figure that had already excited their attention diverted them anew from their contemplations. "As I live,"

exclaimed Mr. Davis, "that thing, whatever it be, haunts us. I do not like it. This is strange conduct for young Althorpe to adopt. Instead of being our protector, the danger, against which he so pathetically warned us, may be, in some inscrutable way, connected with this personage. It is best to be upon our guard."

"Nay, my father," said the lady, "be not disturbed. What danger can be dreaded by two persons from one? This thing, I dare say, means us no harm. What is at present inexplicable might be obvious enough if we were better acquainted with this neighbourhood. It is not worth a thought. You see it is now gone." Mr. Davis looked again, but it was no longer discernible.

They were now approaching a wood. Mr. Davis called to the guide to stop. His daughter enquired the reason of this command. She found it arose from his uncertainty as to the propriety of proceeding.

"I know not how it is," said he, "but I begin to be affected with the fears of young Althorpe. I am half resolved not to enter this wood.—That light yonder informs that a house is near. It may not be unadvisable to stop. I cannot think of delaying our journey till morning; but, by stopping a few minutes, we may possibly collect some useful information. Perhaps it will be expedient and practicable to procure the attendance of another person. I am not well pleased with myself for declining our young friend's offer."

To this proposal Miss Davis objected the inconveniences that calling at a farmer's house, at this time of night, when all were retired to rest, would probably occasion. "Besides," continued she, "the light which you saw is gone: a sufficient proof that it was nothing but a meteor."

At this moment they heard a noise, at a small distance behind them, as of shutting a gate. They called. Speedily an answer was returned in a tone of mildness. The person approached the chaise, and

enquired who they were, whence they came, whither they were going, and, lastly, what they wanted.

Mr. Davis explained to this inquisitive person, in a few words, the nature of their situation, mentioned the appearance on the road, and questioned him, in his turn, as to what inconveniences were to be feared from prosecuting his journey. Satisfactory answers were returned to these enquiries.

"As to what you seed in the road," continued he, "I reckon it was nothing but a sheep or a cow. I am not more scary than some folks, but I never goes out a' nights without I sees some *sich* thing as that, that I takes for a man or woman, and am scared a little oftentimes, but not much. I'm sure after to find that it's not nothing but a cow, or hog, or tree, or something. If it wasn't some *sich* thing you seed, I reckon it was *Nick Handyside*."

"Nick Handyside! who was he?"

"It was a fellow that went about the country a' nights. A shocking fool to be sure, that loved to plague and frighten people. Yes. Yes. It couldn't be nobody, he reckoned, but Nick. Nick was a droll thing. He wondered they'd never heard of Nick. He reckoned they were strangers in these here parts."

"Very true, my friend. But who is Nick? Is he a reptile to be shunned, or trampled on?"

"Why I don't know how as that. Nick is an odd soul to be sure; but he don't do nobody no harm, as ever I heard, except by scaring them. He is easily skeart though, for that matter, himself. He loves to frighten folks, but he's shocking apt to be frightened himself. I reckon you took Nick for a ghost. That's a shocking good story, I declare. Yet it's happened hundreds and hundreds of times, I guess, and more."

When this circumstance was mentioned, my uncle, as well as myself, was astonished at our own negligence. While enumerating, on the preceding evening, the obstacles and inconveniences which the travellers

were likely to encounter, we entirely and unaccountably overlooked one circumstance, from which inquietude might reasonably have been expected. Near the spot where they now were, lived a Mr. Handyside, whose only son was an idiot. He also merited the name of monster, if a projecting breast, a mis-shapen head, features horrid and distorted, and a voice that resembled nothing that was ever before heard, could entitle him to that appellation. This being, besides the natural deformity of his frame, wore looks and practised gesticulations that were, in an inconceivable degree, uncouth and hideous. He was mischievous, but his freaks were subjects of little apprehension to those who were accustomed to them, though they were frequently occasions of alarm to strangers. He particularly delighted in imposing on the ignorance of strangers and the timidity of women. He was a perpetual rover. Entirely bereft of reason, his sole employment consisted in sleeping, and eating, and roaming. He would frequently escape at night, and a thousand anecdotes could have been detailed respecting the tricks which Nick Handyside had played upon way-farers.

Other considerations, however, had, in this instance, so much engrossed our minds, that Nick Handyside had never been once thought of or mentioned. This was the more remarkable, as there had very lately happened an adventure, in which this person had acted a principal part. He had wandered from home, and got bewildered in a desolate tract, known by the name of Norwood. It was a region, rude, sterile, and lonely, bestrewn with rocks, and embarrassed with bushes.

He had remained for some days in this wilderness. Unable to extricate himself, and, at length, tormented with hunger, he manifested his distress by the most doleful shrieks. These were uttered with most vehemence, and heard at greatest distance, by night. At first, those who heard them were panic-

struck ; but, at length, they furnished a clue by which those who were in search of him were guided to the spot. Notwithstanding the recentness and singularity of this adventure, and the probability that our guests would suffer molestation from this cause, so strangely forgetful had we been, that no caution on this head had been given. This caution, indeed, as the event testified, would have been superfluous, and yet I cannot enough wonder that in hunting for some reason, by which I might justify my fears to them or to myself, I had totally overlooked this mischief-loving idiot.

After listening to an ample description of Nick, being warned to proceed with particular caution in a part of the road that was near at hand, and being assured that they had nothing to dread from human interference, they resumed their journey with new confidence.

Their attention was frequently excited by rustling leaves or stumbling footsteps, and the figure which they doubted not to belong to Nick Handyside, occasionally hovered in their sight. This appearance no longer inspired them with apprehension. They had been assured that a stern voice was sufficient to repulse him, when most importunate. This antic being treated all others as children. He took pleasure in the effects which the sight of his own deformity produced, and betokened his satisfaction by a laugh, which might have served as a model to the poet who has depicted the ghastly risibilities of Death. On this occasion, however, the monster behaved with unusual moderation. He never came near enough for his peculiarities to be distinguished by star-light. There was nothing fantastic in his motions, nor any thing surprising, but the celerity of his transitions. They were unaccompanied by those howls, which reminded you at one time of a troop of hungry wolves, and had, at another, something in them inexpressibly wild and melancholy. This monster possessed a certain spe-

cies of dexterity. His talents, differently applied, would have excited rational admiration. He was fleet as a deer. He was patient, to an incredible degree, of watchfulness, and cold, and hunger. He had improved the flexibility of his voice, till his cries, always loud and rueful, were capable of being diversified without end. Instances had been known, in which the stoutest heart was appalled by them ; and some, particularly in the case of women, in which they had been productive of consequences truly deplorable.

When the travellers had arrived at that part of the wood where, as they had been informed, it was needful to be particularly cautious, Mr. Davis, for their greater security, proposed to his daughter to alight. The exercise of walking, he thought, after so much time spent in a close carriage, would be salutary and pleasant. The young lady readily embraced the proposal. They forthwith alighted, and walked at a small distance before the chaise, which was now conducted by the servant. From this moment the spectre, which, till now, had been occasionally visible, entirely disappeared. This incident naturally led the conversation to this topic. So singular a specimen of the forms which human nature is found to assume could not fail of suggesting a variety of remarks.

They pictured to themselves many combinations of circumstances in which Handyside might be the agent, and in which the most momentous effects might flow from his agency, without its being possible for others to conjecture the true nature of the agent. The propensities of this being might contribute to realize, on an American road, many of those imaginary tokens and perils which abound in the wildest romance. He would be an admirable machine, in a plan whose purpose was to generate or foster, in a given subject, the frenzy of quixotism.—No theatre was better adapted than Norwood to such an exhibition. This part of the country had long

been deserted by beasts of prey. Bears might still, perhaps, be found during a very rigorous season, but wolves which, when the country was a desert, were extremely numerous, had now, in consequence of increasing population, withdrawn to more savage haunts. Yet the voice of Handyside, varied with the force and skill of which he was known to be capable, would fill these shades with outcries as ferocious as those which are to be heard in Siamese or Abyssinian forests. The tale of his recent elopement had been told by the man with whom they had just parted, in a rustic but picturesque style.

"But why," said the lady, "did not our kind host inform us of this circumstance? He must surely have been well acquainted with the existence and habits of this Handyside. He must have perceived to how many groundless alarms our ignorance, in this respect, was likely to expose us. It is strange that he did not afford us the slightest intimation of it."

Mr. Davis was no less surprised at this omission. He was at a loss to conceive how this should be forgotten in the midst of those minute directions, in which every cause had been laboriously recollected from which he might incur danger or suffer obstruction.

This person, being no longer an object of terror, began to be regarded with a very lively curiosity. They even wished for his appearance at a near approach, that they might carry away with them more definite conceptions of his figure. The lady declared she should be highly pleased by hearing his outcries, and consoled herself with the belief, that he would not allow them to pass the limits which he had prescribed to his wanderings, without greeting them with a strain or two. This wish had scarcely been uttered, when it was completely gratified.

The lady involuntarily started, and caught hold of her father's arm. Mr. Davis himself was disconcerted. A scream, dismally loud, and pier-

cingly shrill, was uttered by one at less than twenty paces from them.

The monster had shown some skill in the choice of a spot suitable to his design. Neighbouring precipices, and a thick umbrage of oaks, on either side, contributed to prolong and to heighten his terrible notes. They were rendered more awful by the profound stillness that preceded and followed them. They were able speedily to quiet the trepidations which this hideous outcry, in spite of preparation and foresight, had produced, but they had not foreseen one of its unhappy consequences.

In a moment Mr. Davis was alarmed by the rapid sound of footsteps behind him. His presence of mind, on this occasion, probably saved himself and his daughter from instant destruction. He leaped out of the path, and, by a sudden exertion, at the same moment, threw the lady to some distance from the tract. The horse that drew the chaise rushed by them with the celerity of lightning. Affrighted at the sounds which had been uttered at a still less distance from the horse than from Mr. Davis, possibly with a malicious design to produce this very effect, he jerked the bridle from the hands, that held it, and rushed forward with headlong speed. The man, before he could provide for his own safety, was beaten to the earth. He was considerably bruised by the fall, but presently recovered his feet, and went in pursuit of the horse.

This accident happened at about a hundred yards from the oak, against which so many cautions had been given. It was not possible, at any time, without considerable caution, to avoid it. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that, in a few seconds, the carriage was shocked against the trunk, overturned, and dashed into a thousand fragments. The noise of the crash sufficiently informed them of this event. Had the horse been inclined to stop, a repetition, for the space of some minutes, of the same savage and ter-

rible shrieks would have added tenfold to his consternation and to the speed of his flight. After this dismal strain had ended, Mr. Davis raised his daughter from the ground. She had suffered no material injury. As soon as they recovered from the confusion into which this accident had thrown them, they began to consult upon the measures proper to be taken upon this emergency. They were left alone. The servant had gone in pursuit of the flying horse. Whether he would be able to retake him was extremely dubious. Meanwhile they were surrounded by darkness. What was the distance of the next house could not be known. At that hour of the night they could not hope to be directed, by the far-seen taper, to any hospitable roof. The only alternative, therefore, was to remain where they were, uncertain of the fate of their companion, or to go forward with the utmost expedition.

They could not hesitate to embrace the latter. In a few minutes they arrived at the oak. The chaise appeared to have been dashed against a knotty projecture of the trunk, which was large enough for a person to be conveniently seated on it. Here they again paused.—Miss Davis desired to remain here a few minutes to recruit her exhausted strength. She proposed to her father to leave her here, and go forward in quest of the horse and the servant. He might return as speedily as he thought proper. She did not fear to be alone. The voice was still. Having accomplished his malicious purposes, the spectre had probably taken his final leave of them. At all events, if the report of the rustic was true, she had no personal injury to fear from him.

Through some deplorable infatuation, as he afterwards deemed it, Mr. Davis complied with her intreaties, and went in search of the missing. He had engaged in a most unpromising undertaking. The man and horse were by this time at a considerable distance. The former would, no doubt, shortly re-

turn. Whether his pursuit succeeded or miscarried, he would surely see the propriety of hastening his return with what tidings he could obtain, and to ascertain his master's situation. Add to this, the impropriety of leaving a woman, single and unarmed, to the machinations of this demoniac. He had scarcely parted with her when these reflections occurred to him. His resolution was changed. He turned back with the intention of immediately seeking her. At the same moment, he saw the flash and heard the discharge of a pistol. The light proceeded from the foot of the oak. His imagination was filled with horrible forebodings. He ran with all his speed to the spot. He called aloud upon the name of his daughter, but, alas! she was unable to answer him. He found her stretched at the foot of the tree, senseless, and weltering in her blood. He lifted her in his arms, and seated her against the trunk. He found himself stained with blood, flowing from a wound, which either the darkness of the night, or the confusion of his thoughts, hindered him from tracing. Overwhelmed with a catastrophe so dreadful and unexpected, he was divested of all presence of mind. The author of his calamity had vanished. No human being was at hand to succour him in his uttermost distress. He beat his head against the ground, tore away his venerable locks, and rent the air with his cries.

Fortunately there was a dwelling at no great distance from this scene. The discharge of a pistol produces a sound too loud not to be heard far and wide, in this lonely region. This house belonged to a physician. He was a man noted for his humanity and sympathy. He was roused, as well as most of his family, by a sound so uncommon. He rose instantly, and calling up his people, proceeded with lights to the road. The lamentations of Mr. Davis directed them to the place. To the physician the scene was inexplicable. Who was the author of this

distress ; by whom the pistol was discharged ; whether through some untoward chance or with design, he was as yet uninformed, nor could he gain any information from the incoherent despair of Mr. Davis.

Every measure that humanity and professional skill could suggest were employed on this occasion. The dying lady was removed to the house. The ball had lodged in her brain, and to extract it was impossible. Why should I dwell on the remaining incidents of this tale? She languished till the next morning, and then expired.——

For the Literary Magazine.

THE LAW OF NATIONS.

A GREAT many grave treatises have been written on the law of nations, and the writers have probably fancied themselves usefully employed while writing them. They have, indeed, contributed not a little to our entertainment and instruction, by collecting a great number of historical anecdotes. But nothing can be more preposterous than their attempt to extract from these anecdotes a rule for the future government of nations in their mutual intercourse. Nothing can be more absurd than for a private person, in his closet, to lay down a *law* for the regulation of neighbouring and rival states.

Some dreamers, like Vattel and Puffendorf, pretend to engraft upon these anecdotes a system of conduct, such as their own judgment approves as equitable and proper, between nation and nation. So far as their books pourtray the manners of the age, they are valuable and instructive, but so far as they propound a system of law, drawn from historical precedents, or from their own reasonings upon right and wrong, they are frivolous and nugatory.

The law of nations in Europe ! Has any law ever been imposed by

a superior power on the nations in Europe ? or have these nations ever met and fixed on certain laws, to which they will conform under certain penalties ? No such thing. There is no such thing as law of nations in Europe. There are certain customs prevailing in certain nations of Europe, which are violated in their turns by every one of them, according as it suits their convenience : there are only certain agreements or treaties between friendly nations ; and if they disagree, recourse is had to war, which sets all reason, honour, and justice, at defiance.

Yet, in all disputes between nations, each party objects to the other some breach of the law of nations : and it is very hard indeed, if each cannot find some pretext from that law to justify its conduct. Like the law of fashion, reputation, or honour, an equally undefined law, this law of nations is capricious : and there is scarcely any thing laid down to be just or unjust, according to this law, which, in the course of a few years, does not change its name and quality. Thus, not long ago, every English historian did not fail to reprobate the conduct of the Spaniards towards the natives of America ; and the hunting of them with dogs was looked upon as a refinement in cruelty, unworthy of a civilised nation. What will the English historians now say of the English nation, which has used the same species of dogs against an independent people, with whom it had entered into a treaty, and, on the conquest of this people, exercises the supposed right of conquest by transporting them to a distant and remote country.

One of the principles, we should think, of the law of nations would be, that each nation should regulate, at its own discretion, its own internal concerns ; but the late confederacies against France and Poland show in what estimation such a principle is held by the nations in Europe. The passage of an ambassador over a neutral territory

might be supposed sacred : yet in a thousand cases it appears, this is not an inviolable principle of this law of nations.

Some have supposed a law of nations to prescribe a solemn and open declaration of war before we proceed to hostilities ; but this is almost invariably disregarded. What more common than to begin by seizing all the merchant ships of the enemy in our own ports, before they are aware that war is intended.

It is idle to ascribe any sanctity even to those special laws called treaties, between particular states. In assenting to those treaties, each nation is supposed to be influenced by its convenience only, and it certainly adheres to them no longer than its convenience dictates. The little obligation which these instruments possess is evident from this, that almost all wars arise from an imputed breach of treaty. The facility is well known with which arguments may be found by the rulers of nations for reconciling the pursuit of their own interest to equity and reason. No matter how false and hollow they may be. They will answer all the ends for which they are intended, and are little more, in any case, but a solemn farce. Nations, through their kings and secretaries, will for ever prate about justice, equity, and good faith ; but, at bottom, they have no principle of action but their separate interest, and their own cunning and strength are their sole means of effecting their aims.

R.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE PROGRESS OF GEOMETRY.

GEOMETRY, which, in its original, was no more than the art of measuring the earth, has been very rarely applied to that purpose, in after times. Its votaries have been busily engaged in measuring surfaces and figures, which can only exist in the imagination, such as

circles, spheres, cones, and pyramids, of which, whatever applications have been made to the mensuration of empyreal spaces, or celestial bodies, there has seldom been any practical use made, in ascertaining heights and distances upon the surface of the earth.

Kingdoms, provinces, towns, and farms have indeed been surveyed, but geometry has lent but little assistance on those occasions. The compass and the line have been almost the only instruments employed, and in the use of these the greatest blunders and inaccuracies are committed without scruple or compunction.

We can hardly, indeed, fail of observing how much slower the mathematical arts, in general, have advanced than the mathematical sciences. Though the former were the first to start in the progress of improvement, they appear to have fallen behind almost from the first. The rude manner in which Archimedes measured the apparent diameter of the sun is well known ; and while that great geometer was investigating the properties of the sphere and cylinder with an acuteness and depth that have been the admiration of all succeeding ages, he was resolving one of the simplest problems of practical astronomy, in a more inaccurate manner than would be suffered in an ordinary seaman of modern times. When the great problem of measuring the circumference of the earth was first thought of, the principle upon which the solution was attempted was perfectly scientific ; but the execution, though in skilful hands, was in the highest degree *slovenly* and inaccurate. The sages of modern Europe have traversed the globe, from the equator to the polar circle, in order to resolve this great problem, and are still labouring hard, to give perfect accuracy to their conclusions. The academicians of Greece and Egypt put themselves to no such inconvenience. One of them, when he engaged in the inquiry, never quitted his observatory ; but

having measured the sun's solstitial elevation at Alexandria, where he lived, he took for granted, on report, that on the same day the sun was in the zenith of Syene, being seen there from the bottom of a deep well. He also maintained, on no better authority, the distance and bearing of the two places, and, with such *data*, was not ashamed to say he had computed the circumference of the earth.

At a much later period, Norwood set about determining the circumference of the earth, with an accuracy as much superior to that of the Greek geometer as it was inferior to recent attempts. Having determined the latitudes of London and York, by observation, he travelled from the one place to the other, measuring along the high road with a chain, and taking the bearings with a compass. He was satisfied with the accuracy of his work: "When I measured not," says he, "*I paced*, and I believe the experiment has come within a *scantling* of the truth."

It is instructive to compare these early essays of practical geometry with the perfection to which its operations have now reached, and to consider, that while the artist had made so little progress, the theorist had reached many of the sublimest heights of mathematical speculation; that the latter has found out the area of the circle, and calculated its circumference to more than a hundred places of decimals, when the former could hardly divide an arch into minutes of a degree; and that many treatises had appeared on the properties of curve lines, before a straight one had ever been accurately drawn or measured on the surface of the earth.

The progress made in the grand trigonometrical survey of England, which was begun in 1784, is more honourable to geometry, than any practical application of its principles which has been recorded. In no long time, we may derive from geometrical skill an exact delineation of Great Britain, an achievement which has been so long shamefully

neglected. While the most profound capacities have been stretched to the utmost in determining the course, distance, and diameter of a planet, some hundreds of millions of miles distant, the real dimensions of the smallest lake or island on the surface of our own globe has been unknown. Men have accurately surveyed the path which the moon takes through the aerial spaces, while they have remained wholly ignorant of the shortest way between the two principal towns in their native country.

The true reason of this difference in the progress of speculative and practical geometry lies, perhaps, in the greater facility with which the operations of the former are attended. It may seem at first a little paradoxical to affirm, that it is more easy to ascertain the diameter of Saturn, and the days, hours, minutes, and seconds which it requires to pass from one point in the heavens to another, than to determine the exact distance which separates two places within sight of each other, but the truth is, that the instruments and calculations by which the former is effected can be managed by a solitary student in his closet, with little expence of any thing but of time, patience, and attention; whereas much more of these qualities are demanded to make two *rods* or chains of the same precise length, to place them in the same straight line, and to make the beginning of one coincide with the end of another.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADVERSARIA.

NO. VIII.

THERE is no foreign country to which Italy is so much indebted for the study and cultivation of its language, and a just, but at the same time complimentary, estimation of its writers, and especially of its po-

ets, as Great Britain. When Galileo was disgraced, and suffering imprisonment in his native land, for pursuits and discoveries which have immortalized him, his name, and his researches, were honoured as they deserved to be in England. Milton visited and consoled him in his captivity, and became so enamoured of his native tongue, as to compose many of the best of his smaller effusions in Italian, and communicate to his countrymen, for the first time, a taste for the Italian sonnet.

When Marchetti had completed his elegant and exquisite version of Lucretius, the best which has hitherto made its appearance, in any language, fearful of the consequences which might result to him from the dissemination of a book which struck so deeply at the root of all superstition and false philosophy, he restrained the publication in his own country, and is indebted to England for the first edition of his labours, which made its appearance in London in 1717. A similar warmth of regard for Italian literature has seldom ceased to be manifested at any period; but it has of late exhibited a more prominent aspect, in consequence of Mr. Roscoe's gratifying attention to Italian history, and Mr. Matthias's republication of select poems, poetical narratives, and poetical commentaries, from the best writers of this elegant and highly-gifted people.

The fame of Amadis de Gaul has reached to the present day, and has indeed become almost provincial in most languages of Europe. But this distinction has been attained rather in a mortifying manner, for the hero seems much less indebted for his present renown to his historians, Lobeira, Montalvo, and Herberary, than to Cervantes, who selected their labours, as one of the best known books of chivalry, and therefore the most prominent object for his ridicule. In this case, as in many others, the renown of the victor has carried down to posterity

the memory of the vanquished; and, excepting the few students of black letter, we believe no reader is acquainted with Amadis de Gaul otherwise than as the prototype of Don Quixote de la Mancha.

It has often been a matter of some surprise to me, that so few of our authors are conspicuous as writers of letters. Whether it be that Pegasus is of too lofty a spirit to descend to a humble amble I know not, but there is scarcely a volume of letters which can rank far above the ordinary effusions of boarding-school misses. Pope is perhaps the most harmonious poet the English language can boast. He abounds with fanciful and correct imagery, and every line of his evinces an accurate knowledge of human nature, yet his epistolary correspondence is miserably dull and stale. Were I to take his character from such a specimen, I should suppose him to be a mere merchant, who closed his day-book in the evening, to write a journal of his transactions and plans to his friend.

I do not know how far I shall hazard my taste, when I say, that the *ploughman of Ayrshire* is equal to him in point of the quality of genius, but I hesitate not to prefer the letters of Burns to those of Pope. Burns is an agreeable correspondent, because his letters are plain, unvarnished copies of his thoughts; whereas, in Pope, every sentence is polished, every idea is refined. Burns always wishes to amuse, Pope strives to be admired. The one wrote to his friend, the other to the public.

My present recollection of Burns does not furnish me with a more favourable instance of the ease and elegance of his epistolary style, than that contained in the letter in which he describes the origin of one of his sweetest pieces, his *Lass of Ballochmyle*.

"I had roved out," says he, "as chance directed, in the favourite haunts of my muse, on the banks of the Ayr, to view nature in all the

gaiety of the vernal year. The evening sun was flaming over the distant western hills; not a breath stirred the crimson opening flowers, or the verdant spreading leaf. It was a golden moment to the poetic heart. I listened to the feathered warblers, pouring their harmony on every hand, with a congenial kindred regard, and frequently turned out of my path lest I should disturb their little song, or frighten them to another station. Even the hoary hawthorn twig that shot across the way, what heart at such a time but must have been interested in its welfare, and wished it preserved from the rudely browsing cattle, or the withering eastern blast. Such was the scene, and such was the hour, when, in a corner of my prospect, I spied one of the fairest pieces of nature's workmanship that ever crowned a poetic landscape, or met a poet's eye, those visionary bards excepted, who hold commerce with aerial beings."

The reader must not content himself with barely admiring the elegance of this description, but he will observe how faithfully the peculiar features of the poet's mind are portrayed. No biographer could have drawn a more lively picture of that poetic enthusiasm for the beauties of nature, and the benevolent heart which Burns possessed, than he himself has here manifested.

Perhaps there never was a period when the attention of legislators, of moralists, and divines ought to be more forcibly exerted than at present. The revolution of states and kingdoms has unhappily introduced a change of sentiments and manners, by no means favourable to virtue and the decencies of life. But, although our own country has not wholly escaped the infection of French principles and French manners, we cannot but, at the same time, deem it matter of sincere congratulation, that an honourable phalanx of British worthies appear no-

bly determined, in their respective stations, to stem the torrent of vice and infidelity. In the senate, on the bench of justice, from the pulpit, and the press, various efforts have been used, and, we trust, with no small success, to provide an antidote against that immorality and scepticism spawned from a neighbouring country.

Amongst the productions of this useful tendency, a high rank is assigned to Mr. Sibbit's *Dissertation on the Influence of Luxury, &c.*, by the editors of the Anti-Jacobin Review, the most indefatigable and zealous champions in this natural warfare between the good and the bad. They characterize it as a work in which a regard for religion, and the principles and manners of the rising generation, are happily blended with a flowing style, and an intimate acquaintance with the works of the learned. Whilst this writer, say they, has dedicated his speculations and enquiries to investigate the genius and spirit of nations, both ancient and modern, and to survey mankind with a philosophic eye, amidst the various changes that have occurred, the minds of attentive readers cannot fail to be enriched with a considerable fund of religious, as well as of moral and political information.

In tracing the history of nations, in former as well as later times, Mr. Sibbit has clearly pointed out luxury as the bane, the efficient cause, the forerunner of their destruction. The example of Rome is particularly dwelt upon as a warning to Britain. While drawing the parallel in this essay, one of Britain's sons lifts up his faithful warning voice to caution against the baleful influence on morality, arising from eastern conquests, a long train of prosperity, and an introduction of the refinements of foreign nations. Nor does he omit his zealous endeavours against the fashionable precepts of a new philosophy, the tendency of which is to subvert every principle of morality and religion, upon which the pillars of society are

founded. When describing those vain and conceited sophists who arose in Greece, whose philosophy was imported into Rome, and who disseminated principles which were pernicious, in a high degree, to the welfare and peace of mankind, Mr. Sibbit, in a nervous style, makes the following very seasonable reflections :

"The writings of those philosophers, if they deserve so respectable a name, were the offspring of vanity and presumption ; they were actuated by motives very similar to those which influence the moderns of the same school. The fever of ambition, the desire of distinction, which sometimes inspires the literary hero, is often as fatal to the repose of mankind as the military ardour which impels the conqueror to carry devastation and terror over the world, in search of laurels and of triumphs. Every consideration is sacrificed to vanity and fame ; and the praise of men, by people of this stamp, is preferred to the approbation of Heaven. The most effectual method, therefore, to gratify this restless passion, and to obtain the admiration of the crowd, is to attack every thing which the world had hitherto deemed sacred and venerable in religion and in morals. To endeavour to confound in the distinctions of right and wrong, to mislead and to corrupt the giddy populace by the boldness and the novelty of their assertions, is a sure way to be conspicuous for a time, and to live in the mouths of men ; and paradoxes, absurdities, cynic arrogance, and obscenity, will too often, in a vicious age, gain more applause than the sublime productions of genius and virtue. The epigram of a buffoon, the whining elegy, and the flimsy novel, will be read with avidity in frivolous times, while Homer and Milton, and Demosthenes and Burke, will be neglected : for luxury and vice have a tendency to corrupt and debilitate the mind as well as the body ; to contaminate our intellectual task as well as our moral perceptions ; and, when we want energy and purity of

soul to comprehend the vast and grand, or to be charmed with the delicate and elegant compositions of true genius, we, from the mere depravity of our faculties, delight to feed upon the disgusting garbage, or the impertinent conceits, of the literary profligates of the day, the immoral and puny writers of a degenerate age ; and there is nothing, perhaps, so fatal to the morals of a nation as corrupt and vicious literary productions, as they diffuse their influence over a large space, and effect all ranks and descriptions of men."

CENTO.

For the Literary Magazine.

CHARACTER AND SENTIMENTS
OF COWPER.

From his own letters.

COWPER, of whose real character and sentiments so much curiosity may be reasonably entertained, has described himself with no small degree of accuracy in his letters. As to his biographer, Hayley, he can hardly be allowed to have thrown the smallest light upon the character of this poet. His memoirs are deficient exactly on the points on which the correspondence itself is silent, and he seldom relates any thing of which the letters themselves do not give us more adequate notions than his narrative.

In passing through the last volume of his letters, the eye and attention are naturally arrested by those passages in which the author's individual character is portrayed, either indirectly or directly. The following seem to be thus descriptive and characteristic.

Last week I made a trip to Gay-hurst, the seat of Mr. Wright, about four miles off. He understood that I did not much affect strange faces, and sent over his servant on

purpose to inform me, that he was going into Leicestershire, and that, if I chose to see the gardens, I might gratify myself without danger of seeing the proprietor. I accepted the invitation, and was delighted with all I found there.

My scribbling humour has (1780) of late been entirely absorbed in the passion for landscape drawing.

So long as I am pleased with an employment, I am capable of unwearied application, because my feelings are all of the intense kind; I never received a *little* pleasure from any thing in my life; if I am delighted, it is in the extreme. The unhappy consequences of this temperature is, that my attachment to any occupation seldom out-lives the novelty of it. That nerve of my imagination that feels the touch of any particular amusement, twangs under the energy of the pressure with so much vehemence, that it soon becomes sensible of weariness and fatigue.

I am pretty much in the garden at this season of the year, so read but little. In summer time I am as giddy-headed as a boy, and can settle to nothing. Winter condenses me, and makes me lumpish and sober; and then I can read all day long.

I can compare this mind of mine to nothing that resembles it more, that to a board that is under the carpenter's plane (I mean while I am writing to you): the shavings are my uppermost thoughts; after a few strokes of the tool, it requires a new surface; this again upon a repetition of his task he takes off, and a new surface still succeeds: whether the shavings of the present day will be worth your acceptance, I know not. I am unfortunately made neither of cedar, nor of mahogany,

but *Truncus ficulnus, inutile lignum*; consequently, though I should be planed 'till I am as thin as a wafer, it would be but rubbish to the last.

It is not when I will, nor upon what I will, but as a thought happens to occur to me; and then I versify, whether I will or not.

My morning is engrossed by the garden; and in the afternoon, 'till I have drunk tea, I am fit for nothing.

I am not insensible of the value of a good name, either as a man or an author. But my life, having been in many respects a series of mortifications and disappointments, I am become less apprehensive, and impressible perhaps in some points, than I should have otherwise been.

Sleep, that refreshes my body, seems to cripple me in every other respect. As the evening approaches, I grow more alert, and when I am retiring to bed, am more fit for mental occupation than at any other time. So it fares with *us*, whom they call nervous. By a strange inversion of the animal economy, we are ready to sleep when we have most need to be awake, and go to bed just when we might sit up to some purpose. The watch is irregularly wound up, it goes in the night when it is not wanted, and in the day stands still. In many respects we have the advantage of our forefathers, the Picts. We sleep in a whole skin, and are not obliged to submit to the painful operation of puncturating ourselves from head to foot, in order that we may be decently dressed and fit to appear abroad. But, on the other hand, we have reason enough to envy them their tone of nerves, and that flow

of spirits, which effectually secured them from all uncomfortable impressions of a gloomy atmosphere, and from every shade of melancholy from every other cause. They understood (I suppose) the use of vulnerary herbs, having frequent occasion for some skill in surgery, but physicians (I presume) they had none, having no need of any. Is it possible, that a creature like myself can be descended from such progenitors, in whom there appears not a single trace of family resemblance? What an alteration have a few ages made! They, without clothing, would defy the severest seasons, and I, with all the accommodations that art has since invented, am hardly secure even in the mildest. If the wind blows upon me when my pores are open, I catch cold. A cough is the consequence. I suppose if such a disorder could have seized a Pict, his friends would have concluded that a bone had stuck in his throat, and that he was in some danger of choking. They would perhaps have addressed themselves to the cure of his cough by thrusting their fingers into his gullet, which would only have exasperated the case. But they would never have thought of administering laudanum, my only remedy. For this difference however, that has obtained between me and my ancestors, I am indebted to the luxurious practices and enfeebling self-indulgence of a long line of grandsires, who from generation to generation have been employed in deteriorating the breed, 'till at last the collected effects of all their follies have centered in my puny self. A man indeed, but not in the image of those that went before me. A man, who sigh and groan, who wear out life in dejection and oppression of spirits, and who never think of the aborigines of the country to which I belong, without wishing that I had been born among them.

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When I write to a stranger, I feel myself deprived of half my intellects.

I suspect that I shall write nonsense, and I do so. I tremble at the thought of an inaccuracy, and become absolutely ungrammatical. I feel myself sweat. I have recourse to the knife and the pounce. I correct half a dozen blunders, which in a common case I should not have committed, and have no sooner dispatched what I have written, than I recollect how much better I could have made it; how easily and gently I could have relaxed the stiffness of the phrase, and have cured the insufferable awkwardness of the whole, had they struck me a little earlier. Thus we stand in awe of we know not what, and miscarry through mere desire to excel.

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A neighbour of mine, in Silver-end, keeps an ass; the ass lives on the other side of the garden-wall, and I am writing in the greenhouse: it happens that he is this morning most musically disposed, whether cheered by the fine weather, or by some new tune which he has just acquired, or by finding his voice more harmonious than usual. It would be cruel to mortify so fine a singer, therefore I do not tell him that he interrupts and hinders me, but I venture to tell you so, and to plead his performance in excuse of my abrupt conclusion.

I send you the goldfinches, with which you will do as you see good.

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I sit with all the windows and the door wide open, and am regaled with the scent of every flower in a garden as full of flowers as I have known how to make it. We keep no bees, but if I lived in a hive, I should hardly hear more of their music. All the bees in the neighbourhood resort to a bed of mignonette, opposite to the window, and pay me for the honey they get out of it by a hum, which though rather monotonous, is as agreeable to my ear as the whistling of my linnets.

All the sounds that nature utters are delightful, at least in this country. I should not perhaps find the roaring of lions in Africa, or the growlings of bears in Russia very pleasing, but I know no beast in England whose voice I do not account musical, save and except always the braying of an ass. The notes of all our birds and fowls please me, without one exception. I should not indeed think of keeping a goose in a cage, that I might hang him up in the parlour, for the sake of his melody, but a goose upon a common, or in a farm-yard, is no bad performer: and as to insects, if the black beetle, and beetles indeed of all hues, will keep out of my way, I have no objection to any of the rest; on the contrary, in whatever key they sing, from the gnat's fine treble to the bass of the humble bee, I admire them all. Seriously, however, it strikes me as a very observable instance of providential kindness to man, that such an exact accord has been contrived between his ear and the sounds with which, at least in a rural situation, it is almost every moment visited. All the world is sensible of the uncomfortable effect that certain sounds have upon the nerves, and consequently upon the spirits. And if a sinful world had been filled with such as would have curdled the blood, and have made the sense of hearing a perpetual inconvenience, I do not know that we should have had a right to complain. But now the fields, the woods, the gardens, have each their concert, and the ear of man is for ever regaled by creatures who seem only to please themselves. Even the ears that are deaf to the gospel are continually entertained, though without knowing it, by sounds for which they are solely indebted to its author. There is somewhere in infinite space, a world that does not roll within the precincts of mercy, and as it is reasonable, and even scriptural to suppose, that there is music in heaven, in those dismal regions perhaps the reverse of it is found: tones so dismal, as to make woe itself more

insupportable, and to acuminate even despair.

There is no one article of this world's comforts, with which, as Falstaff says, the poor are so heinously unprovided as bedding. When a poor woman, and an honest one, whom we know well, carried home two pair of blankets, a pair for herself and husband, and a pair for her six children, as soon as the children saw them, they jumped out of their straw, caught them in their arms, kissed them, blessed them, and danced for joy. An old woman, a very old one, the first night that she found herself so comfortably covered, could not sleep a wink, being kept awake by the contrary emotions of transport on the one hand, and the fear of not being thankful enough on the other.

I wrote the poem on truth to inculcate the eleemosynary character of the gospel, as a dispensation of mercy, in the most absolute sense of the word, to the exclusion of all claims of merit on the part of the receiver; consequently to set the brand of invalidity upon the plea of works, and to discover, upon scriptural ground, the absurdity of that notion, which includes a solecism in the very terms of it, that man, by repentance and good works, may deserve the mercy of his Maker. I call it a solecism, 'because mercy deserved ceases to be mercy, and must take the name of justice. This is the opinion which I said in my last, the world would not acquiesce in, but except this, I do not recollect that I have introduced a syllable into any of my pieces that they can possibly object to; and even this I have endeavoured to deliver from doctrinal dryness by as many pretty things, in the way of trinket and plaything, as I could muster upon the subject. So that if I have rubbed their gums, I have taken care to do it with a coral, and even

that coral embellished by the ribbon to which it is tied, and recommended by the tinkling of all the bells I could contrive to annex to it.

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A man, whose vices and irregularities have brought his liberty and life into danger, will always be viewed with an eye of compassion by those who understand what human nature is made of; and while we acknowledge the severities of the law to be founded upon principles of necessity and justice, and are glad that there is such a barrier provided for the peace of society, if we consider that the difference between ourselves and the culprit is not of our own making, we shall be, as you are, tenderly affected by the view of his misery, and not less so because he has brought it upon himself.

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When I see an afflicted man, I say to myself, there is perhaps a man whom the world would envy, if they knew the value of his sorrows, which are possibly intended only to soften his heart, and to turn his afflictions towards their proper centre. But when I see, or hear of a crowd of voluptuaries, who have no ears but for music, no eyes but for splendour, and no tongue but for impertinence and folly, I say this is madness. This persisted in must have a tragical conclusion. It will condemn you, not only as christians, unworthy of the name, but as intelligent creatures. You know by the light of nature, if you have not quenched it, that there is a God, and that a life like yours cannot be according to his will.

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Let a man attach himself to a particular party, contend furiously for what are properly called evangelical doctrines, and enlist himself under the banner of some popular preacher, and the business is done. Behold a christian, a saint, a phœ-

nix! In the mean time, perhaps, his heart, temper, and conduct are possibly less exemplary than those of some avowed infidels. No matter; he can talk; he has the Shibboleth of the true church; the bible in his pocket; and a head well-stored with notions. But the quiet, humble, modest, and peaceable person, who is, in practice, what the other is only in profession, who hates a noise, and therefore makes none, who, knowing the snares that are in the world, keeps himself as much out of it as he can, and never enters it but when duty calls, and even then with fear and trembling, is the christian, that will always stand highest in the estimation of those, who bring all characters to the test of true wisdom, and judge of the tree by its fruit.

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Were I to write as many volumes as Lopez de Vega, or Voltaire, not one of them would be without a tincture of piety. If the world like it not, so much the worse for them. I make all the concessions I can, that I may please them, but I will not please them at the expence of my conscience.

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The reading of Cook's last voyage afforded me much amusement, and I hope some instruction. No observation, however, forced itself upon me with more violence than one, on the death of captain Cook. God is a jealous God, and at Owhyhee the poor man was content to be worshipped. From that moment, the remarkable interposition of Providence in his favour, was converted into an opposition, that thwarted all his purposes. He left the scene of his deification, but was driven back to it by a violent storm, in which he suffered more than in any that had preceded it. When he departed, he left his worshippers still infatuated with an idea of his godship, consequently well disposed to serve him. At his return, he found them sullen, distrustful, and mysterious.

A trifling theft was committed, which by a blunder of his own in pursuing the thief, after the property had been restored, was magnified to an affair of the last importance. One of their favourite chiefs was killed too by a blunder. Nothing, in short, but blunder and mistake attended him, till he fell breathless into the water, and then all was smooth again. The world indeed will not take notice, or see that the dispensation bore evident marks of divine displeasure; but a mind, I think, in any degree spiritual, cannot overlook them.

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Could a dog or a cat suggest to me the thought, that Christ is precious, I would not despise that thought because a dog or a cat suggested it; the meanness of the instrument cannot debase the nobleness of the principle. He that kneels before a picture of Christ is an idolater, but he in whose heart the sight of a picture kindles a warm remembrance of the Saviour's sufferings, must be a christian. Suppose that I dream as Gardiner did, that Christ walks before me, that he turns and smiles upon me, and fills my soul with ineffable love and joy. Will a man tell me that I am deceived, that I ought not to love or rejoice in him for such a reason, because a dream is merely a picture drawn upon the imagination; I hold not with such divinity. To love Christ is the greatest dignity of man, be that affection wrought in him how it may.

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My descriptions are all from nature. Not one of them second-hand-ed. My delineations of the heart are from my own experience. Not one of them borrowed from books, or in the least degree conjectural. In my numbers, which I have varied as much as I could, for blank verse, without variety of numbers, is no better than bladder and string, I have imitated nobody, though sometimes perhaps there may be an

apparent resemblance; because at the same time that I would not imitate, I have not affectedly differed.

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Johnson's treatment of Milton is unmerciful to the last degree. He has belaboured that great poet's character with the most industrious cruelty. As a man, he has hardly left him the shadow of one good quality. Churlishness in his private life, and a rancorous hatred of every thing royal in his public, are the two colours with which he has smeared all the canvas. If he had any virtues, they are not to be found in the doctor's picture of him, and it is well for Milton, that some sourness in his temper is the only vice with which his memory has been charged; it is evident enough that if his biographer could have discovered more, he would not have spared him. As a poet, he has treated him with severity enough, and has plucked one or two of the most beautiful feathers out of his muse's wing, and trampled them under his great foot. He has passed sentence of condemnation upon Lycidas, and has taken occasion from that charming poem, to expose to ridicule (what is indeed ridiculous enough) the childish prattlement of pastoral compositions, as if Lycidas was the prototype and pattern of them all. The liveliness of the description, the sweetness of the numbers, the classical spirit of antiquity that prevails in it, go for nothing. I am convinced, by the way, that he has no ear for poetical numbers, or that it was stopped by prejudice against the harmony of Milton's; was there ever any thing so delightful as the music of the *Paradise Lost*? It is like that of a fine organ; has the fullest and the deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute. Variety without end, and never equalled, unless perhaps by Virgil.

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Whatever is short should be nervous, masculine, and compact.

Little men are so ; and little poems should be so ; because, where the work is short, the author has no right to the plea of weariness, and laziness is never admitted as an available excuse in any thing. Now you know my opinion, you will very likely improve upon my improvement, and alter my alterations for the better. To touch and retouch is, though some writers boast of negligence, and others would be ashamed to show their foul copies, the secret of almost all good writing, especially in verse. I am never weary of it myself, and if you would take as much pains as I do, you would have no need to ask for my corrections.

I considered that the taste of the day is refined, and delicate to excess, and that to disgust that delicacy of taste, by a slovenly inattention to it, would be to forfeit at once all hope of being useful ; and for this reason, though I have written more verse this last year, than perhaps any man in England, I have finished and polished, and touched and retouched, with the utmost care.

Robertson and Gibbon disgust me always, Robertson with his pomp and his strut, and Gibbon with his finical and French manners.

With the unwearied application of a plodding Flemish painter, who draws a shrimp with the most minute exactness, Pope had all the genius of one of the first masters. Never, I believe, were such talents and such drudgery united. But I admire Dryden most, who has succeeded by mere dint of genius, and in spite of a laziness and carelessness, almost peculiar to himself. His faults are numberless, and so are his beauties. His faults are those of a great man, and his beauties are

such, at least sometimes, as Pope, with all his touching and retouching, could never equal.

I wonder almost, that as the Bacchanals served Orpheus, the boys and girls do not tear this husky, dry, commentator, Johnson, limb from limb, in resentment of such an injury done to their darling poet. I admire Johnson, as a man of great erudition and sense, but when he sets himself up for a judge of writers upon the subject of love, a passion which I suppose he never felt in his life, he might as well think himself qualified to pronounce upon a treatise on horsemanship, or the art of fortification.

Beattie is the most agreeable and amiable writer I ever met with : the only author I have seen whose critical and philosophical researches are diversified and embellished by a poetical imagination, that makes even the driest subjects, and the leanest, a feast for an epicure in books. He is so much at his ease too, that his own character appears in every page, and, which is very rare, we see not only the writer, but the man : and that man so gentle, so well tempered, so happy in his religion, and so humane in his philosophy, that it is necessary to love him if one has any sense of what is lovely.

I have read six of Blair's Lectures, and what do I say of Blair ? That he is a sensible man, master of his subjects, and, excepting here and there a Scotticism, a good writer, so far at least as perspicuity of expression, and method, contribute to make one. But oh the sterility of that man's fancy ! if indeed he has any such faculty belonging to him. Perhaps philosophers, or men designed for such, are sometimes

born without one, or perhaps it withers for want of exercise. However that may be, Dr. Blair has such a brain as Shakespeare somewhere describes, "dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage."

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Blair has crept a little farther into my favour. As his subjects improve, he improves with them, but upon the whole I account him a dry writer, useful no doubt as an instructor, but as little entertaining as with so much knowledge it is possible to be. His language is, except Swift's, the least figurative I remember to have seen, and the few figures found in it, are not always happily employed. I take him to be a critic very little animated by what he reads, who rather reasons about the beauties of an author than really tastes them, and who finds, that a passage is praise-worthy, not because it charms him, but because it is accommodated to the laws of criticism, in that case made and provided.

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A letter is written as a conversation is maintained, or a journey performed, not by preconcerted means, a new contrivance, or an invention never heard of before, but merely by maintaining a progress, and resolving, as a postillion does, having once set out, never stops till we reach the appointed end. If a man may talk without thinking, why not write upon the same terms?

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For the Literary Magazine.

A LITERARY LADY.

MOST *men* are desirous of being thought learned; but there was a time, when learning was thought to reflect, not honour, but some degree of discredit on the *female* sex.—

Strange caprice and perverseness of fashion! To spell badly was inexcusable in a man, but some ladies placed a kind of honour in mis-spelling; and there are illustrious women on record, who thought it necessary to their good name to counterfeit an ignorance which they had not, and knowingly to commit blunders in style and spelling, at which a school-boy of ten years old would have blushed.

The controversy about the relative merit of the sexes has been carried on, of late years, with a good deal of vivacity. The advocates of women have relied chiefly on certain arguments drawn from the omnipotence of custom and education. What women are, say they, custom and education has made them: change the modes of education, and the sex would be found capable of all the meritorious qualities hitherto esteemed the property of men.

The defenders of the opposite opinion do not deny great influence to education, but they maintain that the prevailing modes of education are such as to afford occasional scope for all the powers and capacities inherent in the sex. A great number of women enjoy opportunities for displaying judgment, taste, invention, and sagacity, in intellectual matters, equal to those which men enjoy. They think that nothing in our modes of education will explain why women have not been inventors or improvers in any of the sciences; why, even in the arts of painting, music, sculpture, architecture, poetry, no women have been eminent as authors or composers; why there is no female name which bears any comparison with Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, in history.

Perhaps, when we mention history, the reader may remind us of Mrs. M'Cauley. I do not recollect any historical writer, among European women, but Mrs. M'Cauley, and her name cannot be supposed to do her sex any very great honour.

The following picture of Mrs. M'Cauley is a short, but very forcible

ble sketch, which I have just met with in the newly published correspondence of John Wilkes :

I saw her, says this lively writer, in a letter to his daughter, yesterday. I found her, with her husband, very ill indeed, and raving against France, and every thing in that country, from which she had just returned. She even says their soups are detestable, as bad as Lacedemonian black broth, and their game insipid, all their meat bad, and their poultry execrable. Yet she says, that she dined at some of the best tables, and was infinitely caressed. She saw Dr. Franklin, but refused his invitation to dinner, for fear of being confined on her return, in consequence of the suspension of the habeas corpus act. "Lord Jesus Christ, Mr. Wilkes, you know I am very fond of partridges ; I saw them often served up, but could not eat them, I found them so hard and ill-flavoured." I staid with her near an hour, in which time I believe she exclaimed twenty times, "Lord Jesus Christ !" She was painted up to the eyes, and looks quite ghastly and ghostly. She has sent away her English woman, and has only a French valet de chambre and fri-seur, at which the reverend doctor is indignant, and with whom the English servants already quarrel.

It is a little remarkable, and not a little honourable to our native country, that America has produced a woman, who makes no contemptible figure in the historical field. I allude to Hannah Adams, whose personal character is as much superior, in propriety and dignity, to that of Mrs. M'Cauley, as her productions are superior in solidity and usefulness.

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For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE CHARACTER OF SIR
WILLIAM JONES.

THERE are few men of the present age, to whose memory more

love and admiration have been paid than to that of sir William Jones. There is a kind of competition among his survivors, which shall be most lavish of his veneration. While his erudition excites the astonishment of some, his poetical genius awakens the idolatry of others. The eloquent praise of a third set of admirers is called forth by his legal and political pre-eminence ; while a fourth bestows upon his head the honours due to the patriot and philanthropist, the friend of his God and of mankind. His great literary reputation would atone for many social and moral defects ; but sir William Jones was no less eminent for the integrity, purity, and mildness of his private manners, than for the extent and variety of his intellectual attainments.

I have seldom been more pleased than in contemplating a portrait drawn by one of his most rational admirers. His life, according to this pourtrayer, was, from his earliest youth, not only unstained by those excesses which are generally excluded by a passion for letters, but was distinguished for all that manly and varied activity, which so rarely escapes the languor of academical retirement, while it was adorned by the polished manners and elegant accomplishments, still more frequently neglected by the man of business and the scholar.

He seems chiefly remarkable for the union of this gentleness and modesty of disposition, with very lofty notions of his own powers and destiny. Without any presumptuous confidence in the force of his genius, or the vigour of his understanding, he thought nothing beyond the reach of his industry and perseverance. From the very commencement of his career, accordingly, he tasked himself very highly ; and having, in early youth, set before his eyes the standard of a noble and accomplished character in every kind of excellence, he never lost sight of this object of ambition, and never remitted his exertions to reach it. Though born in a condition far from affluent,

he soon determined to give himself the education of a finished gentleman, and not only to cultivate all the elegance and refinement implied by that term, but to carry into an honourable profession all the lights and ornaments of philosophy and learning, and, extending his ambition beyond mere literary or professional eminence, to qualify himself for the management of public affairs, and for obtaining the higher rewards of patriotic virtue and political skill.

The exemplary industry with which he laboured to accomplish this magnificent plan, and his wonderful success, afford an instructive lesson to all who may be inclined, by equal diligence, to deserve an equal reward. The more we learn, indeed, of the early history of those who have left a great name to posterity, the more clearly shall we see that no permanent excellence can ever be attained without painful and laborious preparation, and that extraordinary talents are less necessary to this end than perseverance and industry. Great as sir William Jones's attainments were, they may be viewed without despair by any one who is not frightened at his diligence.

Nobody can doubt but that sir William Jones was a consummate scholar, an accomplished philologist, an elegant critic, a candid and perspicuous writer. It is impossible to read either his works or his history without acknowledging his claim, in all these capacities, to the highest distinction; but many will not so readily admit the extent of his *philosophical* capacity, the original strength of his understanding, or his familiarity with those general principles which lead to great and simple discoveries, and bind together, into one useful whole, the particulars of miscellaneous knowledge. His studies were chiefly directed to particulars; and his aim was rather to follow out admitted principles to larger or more precise conclusions, than to investigate the

principles themselves, or to settle the truth of the conclusion on a solid basis.

The labour which he expended in securing the praise of a great scholar, that is, of an adept in many languages, obstructed his progress in the sciences. His understanding would have been better replenished, and his judgment stronger, had he not imbibed so deeply an affection for Greek and prosody, and classical and mythological allusions.—These things are the proper ornament and boast of a school-boy, but will not go far in procuring lasting glory to a man. The fame of sir William Jones rests, indeed, upon a firmer basis; but it has rather been restrained than extended by the influence of this early passion. Though his language be, in general, pure, polished, and harmonious, it is not entirely free from pedantry; many of his best compositions are rendered languid and insipid by those classical affectations which may still be permitted to adorn an academical declamation. We can excuse him, at fourteen, for talking to his sister of Solon and Cræsus; but we are less indulgent to a barrister, who professes to write a treatise of English law in imitation of the analytic method of Aristotle, or a politician who compares the balance of the British constitution to the harmony produced by the flute of Aristoxenus, or the lyre of Timotheus. The mythological digressions of Pindar have also been too carefully copied in his poetical addresses to the divinities of the east; and, indeed, by far the greater part of his poetry is so learned and elaborate, that the perusal of it is rather a labour than a relaxation.

His chief eminence and singularity was his skill in the Asiatic languages; but this, in the eyes of impartial persons, will add little to his merit. I must entertain very different notions of the intrinsic merit of the poets, orators, and sages of Persia and Arabia from my present ones, before I can applaud him who

takes the trouble of making himself master of their language or their works. This attainment is so difficult to a native of western Europe, that it may lay claim to great praise on account of its difficulty ; but, on any other account, we cannot applaud it. We admire the perseverance and dexterity of a man who writes well with his knees, but can hardly fail of regretting such a perverse employment of his genius.

As to the sages and orators of Persia and Arabia, I have never heard their names, even from sir William Jones, who was so ardent a pupil of Schultens and Pococke. As to their historians, that title is never given to annalists, chroniclers, and genealogists. Ardent constitutions and vacant minds have given birth among them to something called poetry ; that is, to the inclination and faculty of putting into rhyme and metre the sentiments with which a voluptuary is inspired by the taste of wine and the smell of roses. The oriental bards, indeed, loudly celebrate a feeling, the name of which is commonly translated by the word *love* ; but I do not give that name to the passion which a boar or a bull has to the female of his kind. Some tenderness, some humanity, some devotion, which looks a little beyond, while, at the same time, it comprehends, the animal desire, seems necessary to that love which poets may celebrate, and sages practise without infamy. Sir William Jones's veneration for such poetry, and his occasional attempts at the translation of it, seem strangely inconsistent with his relish for Sophocles and Shakespeare, and his attachment to Isæus and Isocrates.

This person's most admirable accomplishments, indeed, were chiefly of the professional and social kind. As a member of a family, as the head of an important judicature, he seems entitled to all our veneration ; but, in considering his intellectual attainments, we are more struck by them as proofs of the variety of his inclinations, the ardour of his diligence,

and the strength of his memory, than as evidences of a just taste, or vigorous understanding.

N.

For the Literary Magazine.

KLOPSTOCK'S WIFE.

MRS. BARBAULD would have deserved no small gratitude from the admirers of truth and nature, had her late publication upon Richardson contained nothing but the letter from Mrs. Klopstock, in which she relates the incidents of her acquaintance and marriage with the celebrated poet. She writes in English, and her little inaccuracies add new graces to the charming epistle. Such narratives as these, though brief, are worth volumes of laborious compilation, in which dates and places are settled with the utmost precision, but all that constitutes the features of human events is made up of licentious conjecture. I cannot resist the inclination of transcribing this letter. I cannot suspect that any of my readers will regret the insertion of it in these pages.

Hamburg, March 14, 1758.

You will know all what concerns me. Love, dear sir, is all what me concerns ! And love shall be all what I will tell you in this letter.

In one happy night I read my husband's poem, the Messiah. I was extremely touched with it. The next day I asked one of his friends, who was the author of this poem ? and this was the first time I heard Klopstock's name. I believe, I fell immediately in love with him. At the least, my thoughts were ever with him filled, especially because his friend told me very much of his character. But I had no hopes ever to see him, when quite unexpectedly I heard that he should pass through Hamburg. I wrote immediately to the same friend, for procuring by his means that I might see the author of the

Messiah, when in Hamburg. He told him, that a certain girl at Hamburg wished to see him, and, for all recommendation showed him some letters, in which I made bold to criticize Klopstock's verses. Klopstock came, and came to me. I must confess, that though greatly prepossessed of his qualities, I never thought him the amiable youth whom I found him. This made its effect. After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening in a company, which never had been so wearisome to me. I could not speak, I could not play; I thought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the following, and we were very seriously friends. But the fourth day he departed. It was a strong hour the hour of his departure! He wrote soon after, and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and showed his letters. They rallied at me, and said I was in love. I rallied them again, and said that they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as to a woman. Thus it continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me. I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe it. At the last, Klopstock said plainly, that he loved; and I startled as for a wrong thing. I answered, that it was not love, but friendship, as it was what I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough to love (as if love must have more time than friendship!). This was sincerely my meaning, and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburg. This he did a year after we had seen one another the first time. We saw, we were friends, we loved; and we believed that we loved; and a short time after I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part again, and wait two years for

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our wedding. My mother would not let marry me a stranger. I could marry then without her consentment, as, by the death of my father, my fortune depended not on her; but this was a horrible idea for me; and thank heaven that I have prevailed by prayers! At this time, knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her lively son, and thanks God that she has not persisted. We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy, and still I dote upon Klopstock as if he was my bridegroom.

If you knew my husband, you would not wonder. If you knew his poem, I could describe him very briefly in saying he is in all respects what he is as a poet. This I can say with all wifely modesty. But I dare not to speak of my husband; I am all raptures when I do it. And as happy as I am in love, so happy am I in friendship, in my mother, two elder sisters, and five other women. How rich I am!

Sir, you have willed that I should speak of myself, but I fear I have done it too much. Yet you see how it interests me.

I have the best compliments for you of my dear husband. My compliments to all yours. Will they increase my treasure of friendship?

I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

M. KLOPSTOCK.

For the Literary Magazine.

BENNETT LANGTON, ESQ. LL. D.

BENNETT LANGTON is a gentleman whose history no reader can peruse, in the elegant biography of Boswell, without feeling some degree of interest. For myself, I will avow that I have searched for the slightest memorial of him *as for a hidden treasure*. My heart seems to cling to him as to a kindred soul.

We find him in Boswell a man fascinating in his manners, and accomplished in his conversation; a classical scholar without pedantry, and a disciplined soldier without ostentation. What admirer of Johnson does not lament, that one whom he esteemed and respected had not also found some honest chronicler to record his actions, and repeat those judicious remarks and witty repartees, which made his company sought by the first wits of the age.

After much industry of research, the following are the only facts I have been able to learn of the domestic history of a man who was distinguished as well by the respect as the affection of the first men of his time.

Bennett Langton, Esq., was born some time in the year 1736, and was educated under his paternal roof. Notwithstanding he belonged to the army, and performed with a rigorous assiduity the duties of his profession, his zeal in the pursuit of knowledge was such, that he attained a degree of eminence in the literary world which has not often been equalled.

His correct taste is well displayed in the circumstance of his having, at the early age of sixteen, conceived a high veneration and esteem for the character of Dr. Johnson, from having read his Rambler. He afterwards went to London, with the express design of seeking his acquaintance. In this he fortunately succeeded, for Johnson, besides his attention to young men generally, was struck with his piety, love for learning, and suavity of manners. He conceived a warm affection for him, which only terminated with his life. Langton was no less charmed with him, for he found him a man of extensive literary acquisitions, generous in imparting his knowledge to all who sought it, and whose notions were congenial with those he had imbibed at home.

His ardent desire of knowledge did not long permit him to remain in the dissipation of London, for he

shortly after entered as a commoner at Trinity College, Oxford. It was in this university that Mr. Langton cultivated and brought to maturity his natural talents. He made a considerable progress in the Greek language, which was always his favourite, and in which he arrived at the greatest perfection: he also became acquainted with that sacred and most ancient language, the Hebrew.

After the space of several years, he entered the North Lincoln militia; and, though extremely partial to the study of the languages, yet he gave them up for a time, and resolved to make himself thoroughly acquainted with military tactics. To this effect he exerted himself with the utmost vigour, and he became, in a short time, a most excellent soldier.

He acquired the esteem and admiration of his fellow-officers, not only by his worth and learning, but by his elegant manners, and his inexhaustible fund of entertaining conversation; while at the same time he procured the love of his soldiers by his mildness and humanity. The former was so great, that he was never in a single instance betrayed into a passion, nor heard to utter an oath.

In 1764, Mr. Langton was chosen a member of the LITERARY CLUB, and, at the time of his decease, was the only original member remaining. This club, in those days, consisted of the most brilliant men of the age; and among these Langton had the good fortune to reckon as his most intimate friends, Johnson, Boswell, sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, Garrick, Beauclerk, Goldsmith, War-ton, and Chaumier; all of whom paid the debt of nature before him.

In 1769, or 1770, Mr. Langton married the countess dowager of Rothes, by whom he had ten children. The happiness which he derived from this union received a severe interruption in the death of his friend Dr. Johnson, whom he lost in the year 1784.

He attended him constantly, and soothed some of the last hours of that great man, by the most pleasing and affectionate assuavity. Johnson is said to have seized his hand, whilst he sat by his bed-side, and to have exclaimed with warmth, "Te teneam moriens deficiente manu." In numerous instances he showed his great partiality for Langton: to Boswell he once said, "I know not who will go to heaven, if Bennett Langton does not; I could say, 'Sit anima mea cum Langtono.'" How beautiful a compliment! on which, surely, there is no need to expatiate. Dr. Johnson bequeathed his valuable polyglot Bible to him.

In January, 1785, his majesty, with that attention to the interests of science and the talents of his subjects which has so uniformly distinguished his reign, appointed Mr. Langton professor of ancient literature in the academy of arts; thinking him the fittest person to succeed Dr. Johnson.

In the spring of 1801, Mr. Langton, extremely solicitous about the health of one of his youngest daughters, and thinking the mild air of Southampton might be beneficial to her, repaired thither with his family. He died at this place on the 18th of December, 1801, aged 65.

I have not been able to learn that Mr. Langton wrote any thing except a number in the *Idler*, in which the interruptions that are incident to the life of a student are well described. It has been supposed that he alludes to his friend Johnson; of this, however, the reader may judge by turning to the 67th number of that work.

It has been announced, in one of the European journals, that he had left for publication a life of Dr. Johnson. From the intimacy that subsisted between them, we may suppose that Mr. Langton had derived ample materials for such a work, and we cannot think slightly of the talents of him, whom Johnson elected to be his friend and correspondent.

SEDLEY.

For the Literary Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COHOES FALLS.

From a Manuscript Journal.

July, 1803.

WE left Troy at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived at the bridge over the Mohock at ten o'clock. This bridge is erected on thirteen piers, with intervals of sixty feet, so that the breadth of the river is about one thousand feet. We could not discover any material difference in the breadth of the river at the cataract and at the bridge. The bridge conducts us directly in front of the cataract, at a mile's distance. The object that presents itself to a spectator, on the bridge, is the dry bed of the river; a kind of plain, the substance of which is a slaty rock, with no considerable asperities or inequalities. This plain is bounded on either side by banks, pretty uniform in their height, which is about eighty feet, and in their declivity, which is usually precipitous, and consist of the same sort of stone with the plain between them. In this plain are various crevices and narrow channels, through which the poor remains of the river at present flows. The principal and middle channel which receives the whole waters of the river at the foot of the cataract, is between twelve and twenty feet wide. We could not measure the depth of it, but judging by appearances at the bridge, where the stream is pretty equally diffused over the whole plain, the depth of this middle channel must be very great.

This plain is terminated to the view from the bridge by a ledge of slaty rock like the rest, whose height is nearly uniform, and does not exceed two-thirds of the height of the bank, that is, about fifty feet. This ledge occupies the whole space between the banks. At present, when the season and the reigning drought have left very little water

in the river, the greater part of the ledge is naked. The central torrent may possibly spread two hundred feet along the ledge. The rest, which are about thirty in number, rush down at different distances, and in torrents of various dimensions. Some of them are minute rivulets, which meander like fluttering ribands. The declivity in general is regular; steep, but rarely perpendicular, except in the centre of the ledge, where the great body of the river falls. Here the surface is broken into two principal ledges. The water rolls over the higher one into a very rugged chasm, from which it mounts again and rushes over the lower ledge. Circular cavities, that seem bottomless, are frequent here as in all other cataracts. In the spring, the whole ledge is said to be covered with the torrent, and the river bed which, in most places, is now dry, is then several feet under water. When we consider that the breadth of the ledge is near one thousand feet, and its height cannot in any place be computed at less than fifty, we may easily imagine the great magnificence of this fall at that season. The ledge does not form a straight line between the banks, but, sloping from each side, forms an obtuse angle in the centre.

For the Literary Magazine.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Continued from page 288.

A WRITER, whose talents I admire, and whose virtues I would desire to imitate, expresses himself in the following manner: "It is in proportion to their innocence that men are attached to their native land; it is the want of it which makes so many Europeans quit their country, and wander over the different parts of the earth." The first, perhaps, is true; the most simple people are generally the most innocent: those feel the fewest wants, and are most

likely to remain contented with what their native country can supply. But of the truth of the latter part of the observation, I have my doubts. Have we any occasion to look further for the causes which make them forsake their country than those I have already enumerated? and ought we to attribute that to the depravity of a people which we see may naturally be the consequence of their wretchedness? Yet it is impossible to acknowledge the truth of the one, without admitting, in some degree, the truth of the other. But much I question if these people are not sufficiently innocent to remain where nature originally placed them, did not the inconveniences and oppression they suffer, and the dangers they encounter, counterbalance all the motives which nature has placed in their bosoms to attach them to that soil which is so dear and so attractive to the heart of man.

What sentiment, other than the love of their native land, could induce men to inhabit parts of the earth so extremely different in their nature? and what but this would restrain them from attempting to fix their residence in a country more favoured than their own? The inhabitants of the bleak, unfriendly regions of the north, where ice and snow deform the face of nature the greater part of the year; where the gloom of night and the glare of day hold by turns, for a long time, an undivided reign; where on all sides appear little else than

"The gather'd winter of a thousand years,"

remain there. Many of them know there are climes more friendly than their own, where most of the inconveniences they are subjected to might be avoided, and the number of their enjoyments increased, yet they cling to the soil which has hitherto supported them; that climate, with all its gloom, its tempests, and its inconveniences, is the one they prefer to the most fertile,

the most enchanting spots on earth : and why ? it is their native land. This is the charm which fascinates them ; this it is that warms their bosoms amidst surrounding snows and pelting storms, that cheers the gloomy hours of long-protracted nights, and makes them bear the perils they encounter, and the hardships they suffer, with courage, with patience, and with cheerfulness.

Let me turn my eyes to a spot far distant, and far different from this, Sicily ; an island abounding in the richest productions of Nature ; blessed with a happy climate, where much may be enjoyed ; but where the most terrible phenomena of nature are frequently experienced : the terrors of Etna, we should suppose, would be sufficient to keep mankind at a distance from it, while there remained one tolerable place on the globe to reside in ; yet Sicily is inhabited ; Etna has blazed, and cast forth torrents of liquid fire ; earthquakes have shaken it to its foundations ; cities have been overturned, and with them fields, and men, and beasts buried beneath torrents of lava ; these terrible scenes have been exhibited at intervals for many ages, yet for many ages it has been inhabited. Some suppose the extreme fertility and beauty of the country is a sufficient compensation for the dangers they have continually to apprehend, and doubtless this consideration has considerable weight ; yet it seems hard to conceive how men can be induced to reside in a place where all the possessions which they have laboured for years to acquire, are liable to be swept away in a moment. Let us add one more motive, custom ; still the problem is not solved, and we look in vain for one sufficiently powerful for its solution. I feel myself at a loss, I confess, and can only observe, that were it not for the love which they bear their native land, strengthened by subordinate motives, Sicily would long since have wanted inhabitants.

Suffer me for a moment to wander from my subject, and make a

few passing observations on the power of custom, considered as it influences the decision of the present question. As it affects the last chapter, I confess, it appears not improbable that it may reconcile the inhabitants of the island in question to the terrors they frequently experience, as soldiers become accustomed to face the dangers of the battle, from which the mere man would fly ; but I cannot believe it can inure the inhabitants of Greenland to the intense cold of their long and dreary winter, in so great a degree ; for twenty years have I experienced the summer's heat, and winter's cold, yet never did custom so inure me to either, as to feel their effects with any lesser degree of intensity ; nor do I expect to pass the next winter without warm clothing, nor travel barefoot through the snow, notwithstanding the extreme severity of the last ; still do I pant beneath the scorching influence of a summer's sun, though twenty years of my life have been spent in accustoming myself to bear it : and, reasoning from analogy, I infer, that the inhabitants of Greenland feel the intense cold of their climate, at least in a proportionate degree. Man in all countries is formed of the same materials, his body is nowhere frost-proof ; and though these people may be better than any other able to support the rigours of their winter, yet would they feel much gratified if they were excused from the arduous and terrifying trial, and, all other considerations set aside, were they gradually accustomed to a temperate climate, they would not forsake it for their own. Custom does not, as we have seen, inure the inhabitants of Europe to bear the evils of oppression with patience, nor prevent them from flying to a country where they may be avoided.

What then is the most powerful motive which binds men to their native land, in spite of its natural inconveniences ? To me it appears to be that which I have so often repeated ; and were it not so, what

would be the consequences? Suppose, for a moment, that patriotic sentiment extinguished in the human breast, we should behold a most singular spectacle: the inhabitants of the earth all in motion, weighing the advantages which one country possesses over another, and preparing to remove to some spot which in their judgment appeared to be the best; there would they flock and crowd the land, while the countries they before inhabited would become and remain a lonely desert, until the evils arising from over-population compelled them to return to their former abodes. But Nature, wise in all her operations, has implanted the sentiment in consideration in the human breast, which in most cases makes us prefer the natural ills we endure in our native country, to leaving it in search of one where they may be avoided.

May 8th, 1805. VALVERDI.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE MERITS OF CICERO.

I HAVE contrived to read the greater part of the works of Cicero through, merely by taking up the volume, at any odd, unoccupied moment, during the intervals, for instance, between my two dishes of coffee, or three pieces of bread, at breakfast. This morning I opened at the second *Tusculan*, and being somewhat in a sulky mood, by reason of some little domestic inconvenience not worth relating, I failed to discover all that wisdom and eloquence, of which I usually find a rich repast in these volumes. On the contrary, I really conceived a notion, from this dialogue, that Cicero, however great in other respects, was, upon the whole, both in theory and practice, but a poor *philosopher*.

It was, indeed, somewhat unlucky that I just now lighted on this dialogue, which attempts to prove, *that*

pain is no evil, for I had, at that moment, just escaped from the twinges of a tooth-ache, from which I had reason to expect but a short respite, and which would effectually mar the pleasures of a scheme to which I had intended to devote the ensuing day.

The orator appears to me to begin with a pompous maxim, which he cannot support, and has not the candour to resign. In endeavouring to maintain it, he falls into pitiful evasions, substitutes brilliancy of expression for solidity of argument, and, in fact, deserts the ground on which he had first set out.

This dialogue is, indeed, a complete chaos; a confused collection of assertions, not merely without proof, but absolutely contradictory to each other; a useless detail of all the philosophical opinions then known; a compilation of stories, either real or fictitious, whence no consequence can be inferred, because we are in the dark with respect to the point from which the speaker sets out, as well as that to which he intends to conduct us; and a series of repetitions, which all the eloquence of *Cicero* cannot prevent from being tedious. In short, there is in it a total want of order, which is unavoidable where an author neither defines his terms, divides his subject, nor arranges his ideas.

All this is certainly very severe; but it must be acknowledged to be just, if he seriously meant to maintain the extravagant opinion, *that pain is no evil*. It has, however, been imagined, by some, that his intention was only to expose to contempt the pompous maxims and futile reasoning of some of the philosophers of his age. To me, I confess, this ridicule is not very obvious; but to his contemporaries, who knew the persons, and had attended the lessons of those to whom he alluded, it might be sufficiently apparent.

The vanity which Cicero betrays in quoting his own verses, and then making his auditor enquire whose

they were, and in the immediate conviction which the latter is made to express, is very reprehensible. Vanity was a defect in the character of Cicero too prominent ever to be entirely concealed; the manner in which it here obtrudes itself may be ridiculous; but, in other parts of his writings, it appears in a very offensive point of view, and particularly in his letter to Lucceius, where he acknowledges that he writes what he was ashamed to speak; and plainly requests that historian to applaud his public conduct, even beyond what he might think it deserved, and to indulge his friendship, though at the expence of truth.

Vanity alone, in the degree in which it tyrannized over Cicero, and which overwhelmed him with so many fantastic miseries and mortifications, is sufficient to disprove his title to the name of a practical philosopher, or *wise man*. His lamentations on his banishment, and on the death of his daughter, with the strange means he proposed to consecrate her memory, and the exultations expressed on his recall, and in the review of his consulship, are equally unmanly and extravagant.

In truth, I am strongly inclined to think that, taking all circumstances into view, the wisest man of Cicero's times was Atticus. Atticus, it appears, was far from being void of patriotism and benevolence, but these passions led him to benefit his countrymen, his friends, and himself, by means far more efficacious than those adopted by the Ciceros and Brutuses of the age, and he appears to have been quite superior to the meretricious charms of power or popularity.

For the Literary Magazine.

SKETCH OF THE PROGRESS AND
PRESENT STATE OF THE ARTS
IN FRANCE.

THE character and personal qualities of Francis I drew into his

service able artists, whom he invited from Italy about the middle of the fifteenth century. These artists caused others to appear in France, who surpassed their masters. Vouet, Le Poussin, Le Sueur, Le Brun, and Mignard, were the first generation. By these the French school was raised to pre-eminence. At first, several painters, animated by the love of their art, united in forming a regular method of instruction. This association was erected into an academy in 1653, and twenty years afterwards Colbert joined to it a school of fine arts at Rome.

Louis XIV and his minister were not so fond of the arts as Francis I, but they contributed more towards their stability, by founding institutions. Painting and the arts in general declined since that reign, though the causes have not been properly explained.

The principal of these was that arbitrary authority over the arts exercised by one, whose genius, nevertheless, greatly contributed towards their fame. Charles Le Brun, enjoying the favour and protection of the sovereign, became the distributor of works and rewards, and required that every artist should bend to his taste, and allow his pre-eminence. He even gave directions for the ornaments of the iron-work of the gates of Versailles, and even the *Girardons* submitted to work according to his plans. Thus, instead of the genius and originality which the great artists of that age would have displayed in their respective performances, we observe a cold monotony in the execution, a flat uniformity in the designs; for it was to flattery only that artists were permitted to devote their pencils. Some suffered persecution, and others abandoned the capital. But after the death of Poussin, Le Sueur, and Le Brun, the decay was sudden and deplorable; for the arts were at the lowest ebb during the reign of Louis XV.

About the middle of that reign

M. Vien, an artist whom France still possesses, raising himself above the ridiculous taste which prevailed, applied himself to the study of principles, and, joining example to precept, led mistaken genius into the right track, and purified the school by superintending its instruction. The minister of the arts, M. Dangeviller, had the wisdom to second this fortunate change, by giving employment to artists of approved talents, and encouraging them to proceed in this hopeful career. By these means the school arrived at such a degree of splendour, that, in 1789, every department of the arts was cultivated with equal success, and France had at no period so many distinguished artists.

Painting, with some slight deviation, is nearly at the same point now as in 1789. The same means exist, increased by youthful talents, which have already acquired celebrity.

Some processes for the employment of colours on porcelain, the application of painting to panoramas, improvements made in the restoration of pictures, are not, properly speaking, discoveries in painting; they are services rendered by chemistry, natural philosophy, geometry, and skill, to the art, and for which it cheerfully acknowledges its gratitude.

In order to advance and encourage the art, and to perfect its instruction, it is necessary to support and improve the schools of Paris and Rome; and to bestow employments, honours, and rewards, on distinguished talents. All these means are at the disposal of government. If neglect, carelessness, injustice have invariably caused the decline of the arts, the contrary methods must make them prosper.

Painting and sculpture are sisters. It would be impossible to trace their history without introducing the same facts, nor treat of them without calling to mind their consanguinity.

What has been said of the one, is equally applicable to the other, as well as to all the rest of the arts. Sculpture, however, has peculiar

difficulties to surmount, and the means of its encouragement are fewer.

Without being oppressed by distinguished talents, as painting was by Le Brun, the progress of sculpture was restrained by the mediocrity of the artists of the present age, who long kept it in ignoble slavery. Their pupils have once more restored the art to its former liberty, in spite of the obstinate resistance of their masters.

As in painting and architecture, so the first French sculptors, Sarrazin, Germain, Pilon, and particularly Jean Gougeon, were far superior to the Italians, their masters.

But the art, which began to droop under Louis XIII, still farther declined during the reign of his successor. The sculpture of the gate of St. Denis is the only production worthy of notice during the reign of Louis XIV, when it appeared at a lower ebb even than the others. The want of freedom in the designs of the sculptors greatly contributed to that effect; as a proof of which we find, that Le Puget preferred the free exercise of his genius at Marseilles to the servitude of Versailles. It was during the reign of Louis XV that sculpture descended to the lowest state of degradation. From this state it was, however, raised during the reign of his successor. The revolution which had commenced in painting was seconded by different sculptors, who shook off a humiliating yoke, and their independence was announced by the statues of Voltaire, Bossuet, Pascal, La Fontaine, and particularly the female bathing (by M. Julien), which might justly be esteemed the workmanship of a Grecian artist.

Such was the state of the art in 1789; but sculpture sustained great shocks by the destruction of the noble and rich by the revolution. From this order of things, however, which threatened it with utter ruin, proceeded the greatest encouragement it has received for a century; this was the re-execution of all the sculpture of the Pantheon.

If the numerous public competitors since 1789 have not produced much, the fault must not be attributed to the art; for designs and sketches, of distinguished excellence, have been exhibited at those competitions. The art itself has not declined; it possesses the same means of production as in 1789, augmented, as in painting, by the youthful talents which have since appeared with credit.

In architecture, the taste of the French was manifested prior to the revival of the arts in Europe; in proof of this assertion we may mention the churches of the 12th and 13th centuries, such as the cathedral of Amiens, and many others. But, without urging this claim of priority, it is incontestable, that, in the 16th century, France had a generation of architects who excelled their masters still more than those in the other departments of the arts. It is sufficient to mention, for the glory of that period, its great monuments, and the artists by whom they were erected; the Thuilleries, by Philibert Delorme; the Louvre, by Pierre Lescot and Jean Goujon; and the Luxembourg, by Debrosse.

The second generation existed under Louis XIV, and is still more distinguished; many of its monuments would have excited the envy of Athens and Rome. Such are the beautiful triumphal arch of the gate of St. Denis, the orangery of Versailles, and the colonnade of the Louvre, which alone would do honour to any age, and which forms at present the noble peristyle of the temple of arts, sciences, and literature.

But architecture again declined, and its genius was not again roused till towards the middle of the long reign of Louis XV, in 1732, by the beautiful Doric colonnade of the vestibule of St. Sulpice. It burst like lightning amid the darkness of night; it was like the dawn of a new day. Almost at the same time Soufflot erected the Pantheon, Antoine the Mint, Goudoin the School

of Medicine, Peyre and Dewailly the Theatre de l'Odeon, Chalgrin the church of St. Philippe du Roule, Heurtier the peristyle of the Theatre Italien, Boulée the hotel de Brunoy, in the Champs Elysées, at the same time that the worthy David Leroy devoted his fortune and his life to the propagation of the principles of Grecian architecture.

This was the state of architecture in 1789. From that period till the year 10, it cannot afford any satisfactory views. It is not in the midst of revolutions that an art which requires tranquillity and great expence can be expected to make much progress. If vast designs were sometimes projected, those who conceived or suggested, together with those who promoted them, had disappeared before their execution could begin. But many of the architects who erected the monuments just mentioned, still exist in the full vigour of their talents; others, who have not enjoyed the same opportunities of acquiring distinction, are known in the schools to be perfect masters of their art; and, as well in the competitions as in private undertakings, have displayed eminent genius not known in 1789.

It must not be denied that the art has been usurped by men unknown in the ranks of artists, and who neither had the necessary education nor sufficient talents to practise it. The same men have been seen to occupy places which have ever been reserved for talents of the first rate, to be entrusted with the care of precious monuments, though unworthy of the trust, or with the erection of new ones, in the few occasions which presented themselves. These disorders prevailed during periods of anarchy, and at the time when the government wanted strength, intelligence, and elevation.

The evils which the art has experienced are not, however, so great as might be apprehended. It is true, the eye is often struck with crude and ridiculous structures. But these are only private habitations, which like those by whom they

were erected, as yet exercise no influence over the public opinion.

We have now nothing but consolatory prospects. Great and important repairs succeed each other. The first, that of the Luxembourg, is posterior to 1789. The monarchy had left that beautiful palace in ruins. It appeared to have been erected, and to have excited universal admiration, only for the purpose of being almost immediately abandoned to destruction. The restoration of this monument was commenced by the republic, and it is continued with increased splendour, by the talents of the accomplished architect, M. Chalgrin, who respects the glory of Debrosse.

The ensuing times will do justice to the great encouragement given to sculpture. How rich will that picture be, to judge of it by the embellishments which Paris has received since the year 10! The noblest of them all will be the completion of the Louvre, the second appearance of which in some measure eclipses the admiration commanded by the first. Its repairs are begun; and hope, which follows them with an impatient eye, does not yet perceive great effects, because it is not the nature of any thing useful to attract notice, and because the works already done aim at the solidity, and not the external embellishment, of the edifice.

The minister of the interior has assigned a vast apartment in the palace of the arts to receive the precious collection of the most beautiful antique architectural ornaments, formed with so much care by Dufourmy, during a residence of thirteen years in Italy. This great collection will be devoted to study.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE
FRENCH LANGUAGE.

ONE of the topics from which the French nation is apt to infer its

own pre-eminence in the world, is the wide diffusion of its language. This diffusion is certainly extensive and remarkable, and the causes of it are worth investigating. Frenchmen, of course, are insensible of any other cause than the intrinsic merit of the language; but though an impartial mind must be always very ready to allow this ingenious and volatile people all the merit which they really possess; to give them credit for their progress in mathematics and natural philosophy; to admire the easy levity with which they skim the surface of things in the lighter parts of literature; and willingly do justice to every work, however trifling, which they may produce; but when, because their language is cultivated in most countries, they conclude that it is entitled to such pre-eminence, by its intrinsic merit, beyond that of any other nation, they must excuse a smile at their egregious vanity.

It would be easy to enumerate many local and political causes, wholly disconnected with the grammatical properties of the language, or with the merit of its authors. One of these causes reflects but little honour on the nation, and yet deserves to be considered as in no small degree important, that is, the revocation of the edict of Nantz; in consequence of which, their language was carried into the various countries that afforded refuge to the exiled protestants, and greatly diffused by the writings of men of genius and learning among these unfortunate sufferers.

In discussing the comparative merit of languages, our judgment is liable to be misled by various circumstances. Exclusive of prejudices, either natural or acquired, in favour of any particular nation, there is always a secret preference of that language with which we are best acquainted; and we often imagine the greatest elegance and precision to be in that in which we have acquired the greatest facility of expressing ourselves: while other languages, perhaps of equal intrinsic

sic merit, from our not having cultivated them so early in life, or to so great a degree of perfection, appear to want these advantages, merely because *we* cannot enter into their spirit and idiom. Hence, also, we are apt to confound the style of authors with the language in which they write; and the taste of some individuals with the national genius and character. Beside, most of those who discuss the merits of foreign languages, decide concerning them, sometimes from hearing them ill pronounced; and often, either from the appearance of their orthography, or from general principles, which admit of many exceptions. Thus the Italians have a notion that the German language is intolerably harsh, because those by whom they hear it spoken come chiefly from provinces, in which a vicious pronunciation prevails; and because they see that many words begin with *sch* or *schw*; without reflecting that the *sch* of the Germans, like the *tsch* of the Poles, is a single consonant, scarcely more harsh than the *z* of the Italians. Thus, also, some Frenchmen have concluded the Dutch language to be insufferably disgusting, incapable of any beautiful or elegant expression, merely because the diphthongs *oo* and *oe* frequently occur in it. But these critics would do well to consider what awkward sounds would result from some of the softest expressions in their own language, if read according to the rules of the Italian, Spanish, or German. For instance, the words *leurs beaux yeux*, if read by a foreigner who was ignorant of the French pronunciation, would be transformed into the harmonious sounds of *Le-ours Be-a oux y-e oux*.

It has been supposed that the languages of cold countries are more harsh than those of more temperate climates; but the Swedish language is softer than the German; and of this, the pronunciation is much rougher in the southern than in the northern provinces: the Polish is very pleasing to the ear; and it has been observed, that, of all the mo-

dern languages, none so nearly resembles the Greek, with respect to melodiousness, as the Russian.

The most cultivated languages in Europe are the French, German, English, and Italian. An impartial observer will find it difficult to determine which of these has an absolute or intrinsic superiority over the rest. With respect to relative utility, the French, from the local situation of the country, and from political circumstances that have rendered the use of it general, has an advantage, which, for these reasons, it will probably long retain.

For the Literary Magazine.

SHAKESPEARE VINDICATED.

EVERY thing which has a tendency to bring Shakespeare into general use, and to extend the knowledge of his unequalled genius, I consider as an improvement of the public taste. There is scarcely any thing sublime or beautiful in poetry, or delightful to the imagination, which may not be found, in its best attire, in the volumes of Shakespeare. I read, therefore, with pleasure a collection of similes, in your last magazine, from *Troilus and Cressida*. Among other passages, your correspondent has selected this:

"I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile,"

and makes the following observation upon it: "This passage, however beautiful, affords a striking instance of the kind of error into which the poet so frequently falls. The *wrinkle* is a furrow on the cheek produced by age, though somewhat resembling those furrows which smiles produce, and hence introduces confusion and deformity into this passage."

This commentator is not the first who has fallen into error him-

self, in affecting to discover and correct the errors of Shakespeare. A wrinkle is not a furrow on the cheek produced by age. Johnson gives two explanations of the word: 1. Corrugation or furrow of the skin or the face; 2. any roughness. I hope, therefore, the passage is acquitted of the confusion and deformity of which it is charged.

Y.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON COLLECTIONS OF PAINTINGS.

THE Hollanders, who are an industrious, intelligent, and saving people, during the last century contrived to make the productions of the fine arts subservient to commerce. They justly observed, that fortunes acquired by trade and navigation soon give birth to a taste for, and love of, the fine arts; indeed almost a necessary consequence attached to the inheritance of wealth.

They considered these as proper and as well calculated a subject of speculation as any other, either as the representative of money, or as expressed in value by the circulating medium, independent of the gratification which they afford to all persons of taste: a gratification as real and substantial, comparatively with the price of purchase, as an elegant prospect to a villa, a handsome and well-furnished mansion, or a thousand other objects of delight, which are daily the pursuit and employment of all classes of men. In fact, men who become possessed of large fortunes, whether the reward of their own labour, or acquired by the industry of their forefathers, must variously dispose of it; and why not a proportion be devoted to the fine arts, at once rewarding merit, procuring a rational enjoyment, commodiously investing a portion of property, and frequently the means of lucrative speculation? Surely it is more

honourable to collect the productions of the fine arts, than the extravagance of gambling, horse-racing, betting, &c.; habits too readily borrowed from the luxury of old countries; degrading to the morals of youth, and at once ruinous to their health and fortunes.

Consequently the arts of drawing, painting, music, &c. ought to be regarded as highly instrumental in the formation and preservation of manners; and men of fortune and prudent fathers should consider themselves as equally serviceable to their country and their families by inspiring, in their children, a taste for, and by collecting, the elegant productions of those liberal arts.

The Hollanders, thus occupied, procured both enjoyment at home, and reputation abroad, and so attracted the attention of travellers of rank, that no one would omit visiting, in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and other commercial cities of Holland, the collections of Mr. Braamkamp, Mr. Landers, Mr. Meyers, and those of other rich merchants. This was an honourable distinction to the family, and often a valuable inheritance when put up to sale.

The great objection against collections of paintings is the dead stock, without interest; but considering the gratification they afford, and comparing this with a multitude of frivolous expences, less productive of lasting and honourable enjoyment, the objection, if true, should be of small account. But the fact is otherwise. Good paintings are always encreasing in value, thus encreasing the stock, and affording, frequently, the highest interest for the quiet charge of keeping.

It must not be urged that this country is too young or too poor for any thing like encouragement of the fine arts. Holland did much when her means were no greater. The Americans have, within a few years, made a rapid progress; and it may reasonably be supposed, that the country which produced a West, a Trumbull, a Copely, &c. must be

highly disposed to the enjoyment of the sublime art in which those men are justly so famous.

Let us calculate the amount of monies spent in our rooms, and we shall find that no more would be necessary to procure good paintings, when they are to be had, than is actually given for bad prints displayed in costly frames. The difference, as articles of furniture, would be only this: that instead of three or four prints, neither worth attention nor preservation, the same money would possess us of one or two of the finest productions of the nobler art of painting; honourable to the possessors, and delightful to every beholder. Thus, possessing the means, and not deficient in disposition, we only want to be directed into the proper channel, and to enjoy the advantage of a few examples, such as that displayed by the liberal proprietor of the Woodlands, equally celebrated for its grounds, its greenhouse, and its pictures.

For the Literary Magazine.

LITERARY NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

BELSHAM has completed his History of Great Britain, from the Revolution, 1688, to the conclusion of the treaty of Amiens, 1802; and the eleventh and twelfth, or concluding, volumes, will make their appearance in a few days. This valuable publication will then constitute the only history of Great Britain, during the same important period, which has been the work of a single writer.

Sir John Sinclair, whose unwearied industry, on every subject to which he turns his attention, must command the gratitude and admiration of the world, is engaged in a work, founded on experience and extensive enquiry, entitled, "*The Code of Health and Longevity.*" The author divides his work into three parts: 1. The circumstances

which necessarily tend to promote health and longevity, independent of individual attention. 2. The rules which, if observed by an individual, tend to preserve health and existence, even where these independent circumstances are wanting. And, 3. The regulations by which the general health and safety are protected from the various injuries to which they are liable.

W. H. Ireland, whose contrivance of the Shakespeare MSS. excited much attention a short time since, has written an amusing book, containing his confession of all the circumstances which attended that literary forgery, relating not only to the papers, but to the various personages who distinguished themselves while the controversy continued.

Joseph Gandy will speedily publish a work of designs for cottages, cottage farms, and rural buildings.

A. and C. K. Aikin have been preparing a Dictionary of Chemistry and Mineralogy, with their application to arts and manufactures. This work is now in the press, comprised in two quarto volumes.

Mrs. West is employed on a new work, entitled, "Letters to a Young Lady on the Character and Duties of Women."

James Hall, M. A., has in the press some important experiments and discoveries on ice, heat, and cold; which will probably prove of great advantage to the navy, and tend to illustrate some important points in natural philosophy.

Dr. Clutterbuck is shortly about to publish an Inquiry into the Seat and Nature of Fever, deducible from the Phenomena of the Disease, and the Principles of the animal Economy; in which he hopes to determine, more satisfactorily than has been hitherto done, some disputed points of this long-contested subject.

Mrs. Bayfield is preparing to publish a volume of Fugitive Poems.

Mrs. Cappe, of York, purposes to publish Remarks on Female Charity Schools, Friendly Societies, and other subjects connected with them.

An original work, on the Present State of Peru, appeared in February.

The British and Foreign Bible Society, of which lord Teignmouth is president, has been presented with a valuable collection of copies of the Scriptures, in foreign languages, the acquisition of which has engaged the donor's attention for many years.

An important work will soon appear under the title of Elements and Practice of Naval Architecture, unfolding the Principles of the Art of Ship Building, illustrated with numerous engravings.

Mr. Collins proposes to publish, by subscription, the Memoirs of a Picture; containing the life and singular adventures of the Chevalier Vanderwingtie, and other celebrated characters; including a biographical sketch of the late Mr. George Morland.

A Statistical and Historical Enquiry into the Population of Ireland will shortly appear.

A Narrative of Events recently taken place in Ireland, among the Society called Quakers, has lately appeared. The writer is said to be Wm. Rathbone, a merchant of Liverpool, a member of that society, who, in their discipline, have instituted proceedings against him, for unnecessarily, as they conceive, exposing the weaknesses of their members, and for deviating from their advice; which is intended to restrain publications by any member, affecting the principles of the society, unless previously sanctioned by their approbation.

Dr. Thornton is engaged in a work in defence of the vaccine system.

The English language continues to make considerable progress on the continent. In all the new Russian institutions, and in most of the German universities and academies, there is a master for teaching it; and a number of elementary books, and selections from the writings of the best English authors, have been lately published.

The remarkable decrease of deaths by the small-pox, occasioned by the adopting of vaccine inoculation, appears by the following comparative view, extracted from the bills of mortality for London:

	Deaths in 1803.	In 1804.
January	181	120
February	121	77
March	95	44
April	61	38
May	69	38
June	48	29
July	50	35
August	67	27
September	85	33
October	64	50
November	152	45
December	180	50
Total	1173	586

This decrease will appear still more important, when compared with the annexed deaths by small-pox, for 50 years, within the bills of mortality, averaged by ten years:

	Deaths.
From 1750 to 1759	19,642
1760 1769	24,435
1770 1779	22,039
1780 1789	17,121
1790 1799	17,685

Total, in 50 years 100,922

Making an annual average of 2018 deaths by small-pox. The following is an annual statement of deaths in the present century:

	Deaths.
1800	2409
1801	1461
1802	1579
1803	1173
1804	586

Mr. Goldson, of Portsmouth, has made several experiments to ascertain the effect of vaccination on the hand; and has uniformly produced a vesicle distinctly different from that in the arm, though the same

matter was used in both cases. The result of these experiments, with further facts and observations on the small-pox subsequent to vaccination, are now in the press.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MISSOURI.

THE Missouri, with whose sources we are still unacquainted, is, notwithstanding, ranked among the greatest rivers. Happily for our age, some intelligent travellers are engaged, under the auspices of government, in tracing this river even to its sources.

The Missouri joins the Mississippi five leagues above the town of St. Louis, about the 40th degree of north latitude. After uniting with the Mississippi, it flows 1200 miles before it empties itself into the Gulph of Mexico. On ascending six hundred leagues, no diminution is perceived, either in its width or rapidity. The principal rivers which empty into the Missouri are the Gasconade, the river of the Osages, the two Charatuns, the Great river, the river Des Canips, Nichinen, Batoney, the Great and Little Nimaha, the river Plate, the river de Sioux, the L'Eau Qui Court, &c.

As far as twenty-five leagues above the Mississippi are found different settlements of Americans, at Bonhomme, and Femme Osage, &c.; beyond this, its banks are inhabited only by savages: the Great and Little Osages, settled 120 leagues on the river of that name, the Canips, the Ottos, the Panis, the Loups, or Panis Mahas, the Mahas, the Poukas, the Ricaras, the Mandanes, the Sioux: the last nation is not fixed on the banks of the Missouri, but habitually comes there to hunt.

The banks of the Missouri are alternately woods and prairies: the higher you ascend this river, the more common are these prairies, and they seem to increase every year, by the fires which are kindled

every autumn, by the savages or white hunters, either by chance or with the design of facilitating their hunting.

The waters of the Missouri are muddy, and contain a fine sand, which soon precipitates: but this circumstance takes nothing from their salubrity.

The waters of the Missouri are more wholesome than those of the Ohio and the upper Mississippi. The rivers and streams which empty in the Missouri, below the river Plate, are clear and limpid; but, above this river, they are as muddy as those of the Missouri itself. This is occasioned by beds of sand, or hills of a very fine white earth, from whence they take their rise.

The bed of the Missouri is obstructed with banks, sometimes of sand, and sometimes of gravel, which frequently change their place, and consequently render the navigation always uncertain. Its course is generally west by north-west.

The flats are covered with huge trees: the poplar; the sycamore, out of one piece of which are made canoes, which carry almost 18,000 weight; the maple, which affords the inhabitants an agreeable and wholesome sugar.

The wild cherry tree, and the red and black walnut, so useful in joiners' work.

The red and white elm, necessary to cart-wrights.

The triacanthos, which, when well trimmed, forms impenetrable hedges.

The water-willow, the white and red mulberry-tree.

The linden-tree, the horse-chestnut of India, so much prized in the European gardens, &c.

On the shores are found, in abundance, the white and black oak, proper for every kind of ship-wrights' and carpenters' work.

The pine, so easily worked, and, on the stoney mountains, the durable cedar.

The plants are still more numerous. The Indians are well acquainted with the virtues of many of them.

They make use of them to heal their wounds, and to poison their arrows. They also make use of different kinds of *savoyanues*, to dye different colours. They have one which is a certain and prompt cure for the venereal disease. In short, they carefully conceal from us a plant, which renders them, for a few moments, insensible to the heat of the most ardent fire. I have seen them seize a red hot iron, or burning coal, without suffering.

The lands on the Missouri are capable of yielding all the productions of the temperate, and even some of those of the warm climates: wheat, maize, and every species of grain, Irish potatoes, and excellent sweet potatoes. Hemp seems here to be indigenous; even cotton succeeds, though not as well as in more southerly countries: its culture, however, yields a real advantage to the inhabitants settled on the Missouri, who find in a crop a field of about two acres sufficient for their families.

The prairies are a great resource, being excellent pasture, and facilitating the labours of the man who is just settled, and who can thus enjoy, with little labour, from the first year a considerable crop.

Clay fit for bricks is very common: there is also *Payance clay*, and every species of clay, which, in the opinion of intelligent persons, is the real kaholin, to which the porcelain of China owes its reputation.

There are found many springs of salt water, more than sufficient for the consumption of the country, when inhabited.

Salt petre is found here in great abundance, in numberless caves, which are met with along the banks of the river.

The stones are generally calcareous and grit. There is one I believe peculiar to the banks of the Missouri. It is of a blood red colour, compact, soft under the chissel, hardens in the air, and is susceptible of a most beautiful polish. The Indians make use of it for calumets; but from the extent of its layers, it

might be employed in more important works. They have also quarries of marble, of which we only know the colour: they are streaked with red. One quarry is well known, and easily worked: a species of plaster, of the same nature as that of Paris, and of which the United States make great use.

They also find volcanic stones, which demonstrate the ancient existence of volcanoes.

Respecting the various mines on the borders of the Missouri, we know with certainty only of those of iron, lead, and coal; there are, no doubt, some of tin, copper, silver, and even of gold, according to the accounts of the Indians, who have found some particles or dust of these metals, either on the surface of the earth, or on the banks of small torrents.

The products obtained from Indians and hunters, in exchange for merchandize, may be classed as follows:

		<i>Dolls. Cts.</i>	
Castor,	12281 lbs. at 1.20	14737	20
Otters,	1267 skins, at 4.	5068	
Foxes,	} 802 skins,	401	
Pouha foxes,			
Tyger cats,	at .50		
Racoons,	4248 skins, at .25	1062	
Bears, black, grey, and			
yellow,	2541 skins, at 2.	5082	
Puce,	2541 skins, at 2.	5082	
Buffaloes,	1714 skins, at 3.	5142	
Dressed cow hides,	189		
skins, at 1.50		283	50
Shorn deer skins,	96926		
lbs. at .40		38770	40
Deer skins with hair,	6381		
skins, at .50		3190	50
Tallow and fat,	8313 lbs.		
at .20		1662	60
Bears' oil,	2310 galls. at 1.28	2572	
Musk-rats			
Martens			

\$ 77971 20

The amount of merchandize entering the Missouri, and given in exchange for peltries, amounts to 61,250 dollars, including expences, equal to one-fourth of the value.

This commerce gives an annual profit of 16,721 dollars, or about 27 per cent.

If the commerce of the Missouri, without encouragement, and badly regulated, gives so great profit, may we not rest assured that it will be greatly augmented, should government direct its attention to it? The price of peltry fixed by this table is the current price in the Illinois; if regulated by the prices of London, deducting the expences of transportation, the profit would be much more considerable.

At about 300 miles from the village of the Great Osages, in a westerly direction, after having passed several branches of the river Arkansas, we find a flat, surrounded by hills of an immense extent, and about fifteen leagues in diameter, the soil of which is a black sand, very fine, and so hard that the horses hardly leave a trace. During a warm and dry season, there exhales from this flat, vapours, which, after being condensed, fall on this black sand, and cover it with an incrustation of salt, very white and fine, and about half an inch thick. Rains destroy this appearance.

About eighteen miles from this flat are found mines of genuine salt, near the surface of the earth. The Indians, who are well acquainted with them, are obliged to use levers to break and raise it.

About fifteen leagues from the flat, and in a southerly direction, there is a second mine of genuine salt, of the same nature as the other. These two mines differ only in colour; the first borders on blue, the second red. Further south, and still on the branches of the Arkansas, is a saline, which is one of the most interesting objects in nature.

On the declivity of a small hill, there are five holes, about a foot and a half in diameter, and two in depth, always full of salt water, without ever overflowing. If a person were to draw any of this water, the hole would immediately fill itself; and about ten feet lower, there flows, from this same hill, a large

stream of pure and sweet water.

If this country were peopled, the working of these genuine salt mines would be very easy, by means of the river Arkansas. This species of salt is found preferable to any other for salting provisions.

After leaving the river des Moens the fur trade from the upper Missouri is carried on entirely by British houses, and almost the whole of the furs obtained from other Indian traders, are also sent to Canada, where they command much higher prices than at New Orleans, where, in fact, there is no demand for them. The further north we go, the greater the value of the peltries. It is but a few years since peltries have been exported from America by way of the Ohio. It is to be desired that the eastern part of America should encourage this exportation, by raising the price of peltries to nearly those of Canada.

For the Literary Magazine.

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS FOR THE PRESENT YEAR.

MR. FORSTER, of Royston, Hertfordshire, has made a successful experiment of feeding sheep, during winter, on potatoes. In the course of the last winter, his turnips failing, he gave his sheep potatoes, and with them nothing more than fresh straw, night and morning; and, at the end of March, the ewes and lambs of his flock were allowed to be in better condition than those of any flock in the neighbourhood.

A new method of forming roads on clay, or wet bottoms, is the following:—First throw the soil from the sides, leaving a groove in the middle for the materials, beginning with kid or brush-wood plentifully, then stones and gravel: if the gravel be very sharp and good, there is no occasion to round the road. Even a concave surface is found to answer very well; but where the materials are tender, it may be bet-

ter to round it a little, but not so much as is frequently done, being often dangerous, and hurtful to the road, by obliging the carriages to keep in one track.

A new method has been discovered of dying cotton a rose colour, for which purpose wild plums and muriatic or sulphuric acid, are employed.

A very curious experiment has lately been repeated before the National Institute. If the air be very rapidly compressed in the ball of an air-gun, a quantity of heat is disengaged from the first stroke of the piston, so great that it is capable of setting fire to a piece of fungus match placed within the pump. If the body of the pump terminate by a moveable end, formed of a piece of steel firmly screwed in, and furnished in its centre with a glass lens, which admits of the inside being seen, at the first stroke of the piston, a ray of vivid light will be perceived to be suddenly disengaged.

The fruit of the carobe tree (*caroubier*), hitherto cultivated along the coast of the Mediterranean merely to feed cattle, is found to yield, after fermentation, excellent brandy, in the proportion of a pint to five pounds of dried fruit.

M. Strauss has, after many experiments, succeeded in applying platina to the coating of copper, which will undoubtedly be superior to that of tin; not only in resisting acids and saline matters, but in durability, from the greater hardness of platina, and the process is not more difficult than the common operation of tinning.

M. Hermestadt, of Berlin, has discovered that the *tormentilla erecta*, a plant that grows almost every where, and the *polygonum bistorta* furnish excellent materials for tanning leather. A pound and a half of tormentilla, or double that quantity of bistorta, will tan as much dry hide as seven pounds of oak bark.

M. Trouville has made a new hydraulic machine, which throws up water to a great height, without any other mechanism, and solely by the

rarefaction of the air in air-tight stone chambers, placed one above another. For this invention he has been presented with a gratuity of 3000 dollars by the Board for the Encouragement of Arts at Paris.

The public will soon possess very accurate and complete details relative to Georgia, a country the present state of which is but little known. Besides the expedition undertaken by order of the Russian government under count Mussin Puschkine accompanied by several literary and scientific men, the baron of Biberstein, who has already published a work relative to the west coast of the Caspian sea, is now travelling in Georgia to examine every thing relating to the agriculture and the commerce of silk. Three engineers have recently been dispatched to that country, to collect farther information.

A method of cleaning and preserving statues, described by Vitruvius and Pliny, has lately been tried, with complete success, at Paris, on the beautiful sculpture of the fountain of Grenelle. It consists in stopping all the pores of the marble with a mixture of oil of carnation and virgin wax, applied hot to the marble, which must likewise be previously heated, and preserves it, in future, from those black spots produced by humidity, which are nothing but the vegetation of *lichen*, a species of very fine moss, the roots of which strike into the pores of the marble, whose surface they, in time, corrode and destroy. This operation, performed with care, completely fills the pores of the marble. The surface must afterwards be rubbed with wax, and then with a fine linen cloth; and thus a kind of varnish is formed, that repels the water, and prevents the lichen from striking its roots inward. The most beautiful productions of antiquity were polished in this manner with wax.

Dr. Salvage has executed some coloured drawings, which have been engraved, representing the beautiful statue called the Fighting Gla-

diator, flayed in different points of view. His object, in this performance, is to render the work useful to the study of the imitative arts, and principally those of painting and sculpture. He has taken advantage of the means furnished by the military hospital, to which he is attached, to place, in the attitude of the gladiator, different human subjects, and to model all the muscular parts in such a manner, that the spectator may discover, at first sight, the mechanism of the muscles, which produce the movement of that beautiful figure. He has, in this manner, represented the gladiator flayed in different points of view, in each of which the figure is developed from the skeleton to the skin. To enable the pupil to understand this anatomy, he intends to publish some engravings, containing the principles of the bones and muscles, the head of the Apollo Belvidere dissected in profile, and a front view of the bones of the head of the same figure; and these will be succeeded by feet and hands, designed after antiques.

The commission composed of Monge, Berthollet, Fourier, Castaz, Desgenettes, Conte, Girard, and Laucet, have drawn up a report on the progress of the work on Egypt. One hundred engravings are already finished; of these, forty-seven represent some of the ancient Egyptian monuments, seventeen represent modern monuments, eight relate to the arts known in Egypt, and twenty-eight represent different objects of natural history. One hundred and sixty other plates have been begun. The designs of temples, palaces, and tombs, are not confined to those of ancient construction: engravings have been made of a great number of idols, statues, amulets, and likewise of the papyrus found in the tombs, under the coverings of the mummies. The small number of architectural engravers at Paris has prevented the editors from procuring many engravings of modern edifices. They have, however, given two of the

gates of Cairo erected by Saladin, and two mosques, one of which is highly venerated by the mussulmans, and appears as old as the foundation of the city.

Baron Aretin discovered lately, in the electoral library at Munich, a Latin manuscript, containing a description of the method of preparing the Greek fire. Since that time, two manuscript copies have been found in the French national library, at Paris, of a work entitled, *Liber ignium ad comburendos hostes, auctore Marco Græco*.—Treatise on Fires proper for destroying Enemies. This treatise has been printed, and forms eighteen pages in quarto. The librarians have given a faithful copy from the two manuscripts, without remark or commentary. Some passages in this performance do not possess even novelty, as they may be found in a little work, entitled, *De Mirabilibus Mundi*, attributed to Albert the great. From various passages in the works both of Jerome Cardan and his antagonist, Julius Cæsar Scaliger, both those writers appear acquainted with the piece ascribed to Marcus Græcus. The writing of the oldest of these manuscripts cannot date farther back than the latter half of the fourteenth century, and the other is not anterior to the conclusion of the fifteenth.

M. Wildenow, professor of botany at Berlin, has, since 1801, been employed in making judicious alterations in the botanic garden belonging to the king. All the hedges, bushes, and other indications of the French manner, have been removed. The garden, with the court and buildings, occupies twenty-seven acres, and has, in the centre, an oval pond, another of an oblong form, in the back part, and on each side ditches have been dug to take off the water: these ponds and ditches are devoted to the cultivation of aquatic plants. Seven greenhouses have been built, and they are already full of plants; each of them contains a thermometer, to indicate

the proper degree of heat. The plants of the south of Europe, the north of Africa, the temperate regions of Asia, and those of Carolina and Florida, are here cultivated in the ground, without pots. One greenhouse is embellished with a lofty palm-tree, a *magnolia grandiflora*, twenty-two feet in height, and other trees equally rare. It also contains several hot-beds for other exotic plants. The whole garden has been laid out in the English taste, and to each plant has been assigned a congenial soil and situation. The number of species exceeds five thousand, among which are the *strelitzia reginae*, *sarracenia purpurea*, *hedysarum gyrans*, *rhododendron caucasicum*, *azalea pontica*, *parkinsonia aculeata*, and many species of *erica*, *protea*, and other vegetable products equally rare.

M. Eckberg has lately discovered *titanite* at Karinbricka, in Westmannland, imbedded in quartz and mica, and mixed with black tourmalins. He has lately announced a very curious property of the new earth called yttria. When the muriate of yttria is heated to redness, it gives out oxy-muriatic acid, nearly in the same proportion as when muriatic acid is treated in the same way with the oxide of the new metal called *cerium*. Hence it is probable that yttria is a metallic oxide.

M. Gahn, in his attempts to reduce the oxide of *cerium*, heated it with a mixture of oxide of lead, charcoal, and linseed-oil. He obtained a black, porous, brittle, dull mass, which he considers as a carburet of lead. It acquired the metallic lustre when rubbed upon hard metals, and deposited coal.

The metal called *cerium* was discovered by Hisinger and Berzelius, in the mineral known by the name of *bastnastungstan*. Their experiments were published in the new Berlin *Journal der Chimie*, from which it was translated into the *Annales de Chimie*.

M. Rose has published an account of white powder which separates

from the concentrated juice of *inula helenii*. It resembles starch in several of its properties, but differs in others. It burns like sugar, is insoluble in cold water, but soluble in hot, and the solution passes through the filter. Alcohol throws it down from water.

Experiments on the solution of indigo, in different kinds of sulphuric acid, have been published by M. Bucholz, who found that the British sulphuric acid was a bad solvent, unless previously boiled with sulphur; that the acid manufactured in the north of Europe dissolved it well in its natural state; but, when deprived of the sulphurous acid gas, it became as inefficacious as the English. Hence it appears, that the presence of this gas promoted the solution; of course, the common sulphuric acid, or, as it is usually called, the oil of vitriol, in the state in which it is employed by the dyers, namely, blackened with vegetable matter, answers their purposes better than the purest.

It has long been known that metals precipitate each other from acids in their metallic state. Iron, for instance, may be employed to throw down copper, and copper to precipitate silver. But it has not been suspected, till lately, that the same precipitations may be obtained when the metals are dissolved in alcalies; provided always that metals are employed whose oxides are soluble in alcalies. Klaproth has lately published a set of curious experiments on this subject. Lead was precipitated in the metallic state, by introducing a cylinder of zinc into a solution of oxide of lead in potash. The same result was obtained when zinc was put into solutions of oxides of tin and tellurium in the same alkali, and into the solutions of oxides of copper of tungsten in ammonia. This last result points out an easy method of reducing the very refractory metallic oxides to the metallic state.

Great expectations are formed of the History of Russia, now in great forwardness, by Karamsin.

Several periodical works have been commenced, in the present year, in Russia. Among these, one entitled "Notices of the North," by M. Martignoro, well known for his translation of Longinus. This paper will exhibit the history of learning and civilization in Russia, and will contain the lives of the most illustrious men of that country. Another journal will be published at Moscow, by Kutosof, ancient curator of the university, entitled "The Friend of Illumination; or, Journal of the Sciences and Arts." There is also to be a journal for the fair sex, which will be a miscellany of prose and verse.

A third letter from Mr. Humboldt, concerning his travels in South America and Mexico, was lately read in the National Institute of France. In the first, he stated the observations made in the Atlantic, at the top of the Peak of Teneriffe, and in New Andalusia. In the second, he described his operations in Venezuela, and the plains of Cazonbo, where he made some curious experiments on the *gymnotus electricus*. In the third, he gives us a short account of his voyage on the Oroonoko, Rio Negro, and the Carsequire, attended with great danger, to determine astronomically the communication of the Orinoco and Amazon river. His memoirs, which contain an account of the geography, botany, and mineralogy of those countries, as well as of the manners and customs of the people, will be shortly published.

The king of Sweden is very desirous of adopting a proper system of education. A board, appointed for superintending public instruction, has lately commissioned a young Swede, named Brooeman, greatly distinguished by some critical pieces, and a treatise on education, to travel through Europe, to collect information on the subject.

By an edict issued at Vienna, all lectures in the university of Vienna, on logic, metaphysics, practical philosophy, and physics must be delivered in Latin. By another edict,

all private teaching, without a licence from the heads of the university, is forbidden; and those who are taught in this manner, and without such a licence, are prohibited from standing candidates for any situation which is to be decided by the literary attainments of the candidates.

At Udursburg a machine has been invented, which turns a mill as a current of water does, but with less expence. The inventor, whose name is Oegg, has offered to government to produce such a machine, provided he receives a patent for the exclusive privilege of making them for twenty years.

Richter is occupied in a series of experiments on nickel. In its pure state, this metal is very malleable, nearly as brilliant as silver, and more attractable by the loadstone than iron. It contains copper; but M. Richter has found a method of freeing it from this metal. The oxydes of the purified nickel are of a much more lively green colour than the ordinary oxydes, and their solution in ammonia is a pale blue.

A number of engineers, under don Salvador de Ximenes, have, by the Spanish government, been engaged to prepare charts of the provinces of Spain, and plans of the principal towns. Two members have been selected for the geometrical and astronomical operations, who travel to all places to which the project extends, that the charts may be completed with the greatest accuracy.

For the Literary Magazine.

SUBSTANCE OF THE REPORT OF
THE OPERATIONS OF THE MINT,
DURING THE LAST YEAR.

THE issues of silver coins, notwithstanding the mercantile embarrassments attending the importation of bullion, have greatly exceeded that of the year 1803; and the advantage of a public mint has long

been sensibly experienced, by the greatest part of the deposits being issued in small coin, which has been found very beneficial to the citizens at large, under the late scarcity of Spanish dollars, occasioned by the great exportation of them, for mercantile purposes.

The quantity of gold bullion has been equal to that of the last report, so that, in the past year, the coinage of the precious metals has amounted to 358,983 dollars.

About eleven thousand dollars of the gold coin is the produce of virgin gold, found in the county of Cabarrus, in the state of North Carolina, where, it is said, a very considerable quantity has been found, since the last deposits, and will, in all probability, be forwarded to the mint. It is to be regretted, that this gold is melted into small ingots, before it is sent to the mint, for the convenience of carriage; but by which, there is reason to believe, a considerable proportion of it is wasted. It is also said, that the finest particles are neglected, and only the large grains and lumps sought after.

The increased price of copper in Europe, and the quantity on hand, have been thought sufficient reasons to confine the coinage of cents to one press; and from the last account from Europe, copper is likely to be considerably increased in price, which will render the coinage of cents less profitable. The past year there have been issued, 756,838 cents, and 1,055,312 half cents, equal to 12,844 dollars, 94 cents.

The coinage of the year amounts, in the whole, to the sum of 371,827 dollars, 94 cents, and the number of pieces to 2,046,839.

The expences of the mint, for the last year, are reduced to a trifle more than sixteen thousand dollars.

The director thinks it his duty to mention, that very considerable difficulty as well as danger may arise to the public, from the officers and workmen of the mint being exposed to be called out to attend militia meetings, or on detachments.

When large deposits of precious metals are passing through the mint, and particularly when in fusion, it may be of the most dangerous consequence to have officers and men called away, or be liable to fines for non-attendance. It is too important a trust to be thus exposed.

For the Literary Magazine.

LONGEVITY.

THAT instances of longevity are not so rare in modern times as is usually imagined, the subjoined list, collected from various sources, is a curious proof. None have been inserted who have not attained their 130th year, or whose longevity has not appeared to be well attested. Many more might, without doubt, be added, by those who have better opportunities for collecting such accounts. The date affixed to each name is the year in which each person died, when that has been ascertained, or when not, the last year in which each is known to have lived.

<i>Year.</i>	<i>Age.</i>
1795 D. Cameron	130
1766 J. de la Somel	130
1766 George King	130
1767 John Taylor	130
1774 Wm. Beattie	130
1778 John Warson	130
1780 R. Macbride	130
1780 William Ellis	130
1764 Eliz. Taylor	132
1775 Peter Garden	131
1761 E. Merchant	133
1772 Mrs. Keith	134
1767 Francis Agne	134
1777 John Brookey	134
1744 Jane Harrison	135
1759 James Sheile	136
1768 C. Noon	136
1771 Marg. Foster	136
1776 John Moriat	136
1772 J. Richardson	137
1793 — Robertson	137
1757 Wm. Sharpley	138
1768 J. M'Donough	138
1770 — Fairbrother	138

1772 Mrs. Clunn	138	George Gregory, Kingston,	
1766 Thos. Dobson	139	England	106
1785 M. Cameron	139	Jean George, England	110 10
1752 Wm. Laland	140	John Stewart (col. of the tin-	
C. Desmond	140	kers), Aberfeldy, England	106
1770 James Sands	140	<i>A man</i> , in Lithuania, Poland	163
1773 S. Monk	142	James Thomas, Georgia	134
C. McFindlay	143	Pompey, a Negro, Delaware	120
1757 J. Effingham	144	Anthony, a Negro, Philadel-	
1782 E. Williams	145	phia	105
1766 T. Winsloe	146	Yty-Enti Fohi, a Chinese,	
1772 J. C. Drahsten-		Canada	102
berg	146	Abigail Houghton, Stow, Mas.	101
1652 Wm. Mead	148	Lydia Bickford, Salem, Mas.	100 5
1768 F. Cousir	150	Mrs. Rice, Marlborough,	
1542 T. Newman	152	Mas.	99
1635 Thomas Parr	152	Susanna Robinson, Dorches-	
1556 James Bowles	152	ter, Mas.	97 4
Henry West	152	Eleanor Shackford, Ports-	
1648 Thos. Damme	154	mouth, N. H.	91
1762 Polish peasant	157	Abigail Edwards, Connecti-	
1797 J. Surrington	160	cut	96
1668 W. Edwards	168	Mary Hastings, Weston,	
1670 Henry Jenkins	169	Mas.	101 10
1782 Louisa Truxo	175	Mrs. Mason, Salem, Mas.	95
		Moses Belknap, Atkinson,	
		N. H.	93
		Joseph Farnworth, Fairfax,	
		Vermont	90
		Susannah Babbidge, Salem,	
		Mas.	90
		Mrs. Bullock, Salem, Mas.	90
		Easter Lane, England	105
		Samuel Brown, Connecticut	90

To these may be added a mulatto man, who died in 1797, in Frederick Town, North America, said to be 180 years old.

The London County Chronicle, of December 13, 1791, stated that Thomas Carn, according to the parish register of St. Leonard, Shore-ditch, died the 28th of January, 1588, aged 207. This is an instance of longevity so far exceeding any other on record, that one is disposed to suspect some mistake either in the register or in the extract.

The following instances of unusual longevity have been recorded in the American papers, during the year 1804, viz.

	years. mo.
John Quarterman, Penn.	108 8
Samuel Bartrow, Booth-bay	
Maine.	135
Ephraim Pratt, Shutesbury,	
Mas.	117
John Belknap, Wilksbo-	
rough, Mas.	101
Dorothy Dusan, Philadelphia	105
Ann Baker, Waterford, Me.	103
Sarah Low, Fitchburg, Mas.	93
Abigail Stone, Groton, Mas.	98
Henry Abram, Chillicothe	102

For the Literary Magazine.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE RELATIVE TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF SCHOOLS THROUGHOUT THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, IN SUCH A MANNER THAT THE POOR MAY BE TAUGHT GRATIS.

TO encourage the promotion of literature generally, the children of all our citizens ought to be taught at the public expence. In this way, no invidious distinctions of *rich and poor* would be exhibited, nor would the feelings of any be unnecessarily wounded. The existing law on the subject holds out those distinctions, which, it is presumed, is a princi-

pal reason that so few have embraced its provisions. When we consider the manner in which the greater part of our schools are conducted; the great body of our schoolmasters *deficient in the first principles of the language they attempt to teach*; our youth in imminent danger of acquiring erroneous habits; and, add to this, the time that must be wasted in acquiring a useful degree of education, it is presumed that a general plan of education may be adopted, that will have a tendency to prevent those evils, and be supported at as little expence to the community as the present. Young men will find it their interest to qualify themselves for the office of teachers, when they know that none but qualified persons will be admitted, and salaries more permanent and certain be allowed.

Your committee flatter themselves that few, if any, will object to contribute *a small portion of their wealth* towards aiding their more indigent neighbours to have their children thus educated; thus qualifying them, in some measure, to be *useful members of society*, and thereby laying the surest foundation for the continuance of our *civil and religious liberties*, and perpetuating our *happy form of government*. To a generous mind, the recollection that they have been instrumental in promoting human happiness, will greatly outweigh any pecuniary considerations: under these impressions your committee submit the following resolution, viz.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to bring in a bill, embracing the following principles:

First, Two suitable persons shall be chosen by each township, ward, or district in the commonwealth, at the same time, and in the same manner, that constables are chosen, who, together with the county commissioners, shall lay off their proper county into convenient school districts, having respect to the language and local circumstances of the inhabitants, fix the salaries of the teachers, lay down rules for the

time and manner of payment, and annually, in the month of December, lay before the legislature a statement of their proceedings relative to schools, and also whatever amendments may, in their opinion, be necessary for improving the system.

Second, Each school district shall annually chuse three trustees, whose duty it shall be to provide a suitable person to teach the English or German language (as the case may be) grammatically, writing a fair hand, and arithmetic, on the most approved plan. Said trustees shall have power to dismiss the teacher of their proper school district for disorderly behaviour; to provide, at the expence of the district, a suitable school-house, and generally to superintend the concerns of their proper schools; and annually, in the month of October, lay before the commissioners an account of their proceedings, and what further improvements to them would appear necessary.

Third, All the youth under fourteen years of age, may, at the county expence, be taught reading, writing, and plain arithmetic; their further progress shall be at the proper expence of those who send them.—Payments made by any householder to the teacher of the proper district, shall operate as a credit in his payment of county taxes to the amount of his or her quota for the support of schools.

Fourth, The law not to be in force, in any particular county, until sanctioned by the associate judges, grand-jury, and commissioners of the proper county, or a majority of them.

For the Literary Magazine.

APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES, FOR 1805.

FOR the pay and subsistence of the officers, and the pay of the sea-

men, four hundred and fifteen thousand five hundred and seventy-eight dollars :

For provisions, two hundred and twenty-seven thousand and eighty-six dollars, and forty cents :

For medicine, instruments, hospital stores, and all expences on account of the sick, ten thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars :

For repairs of vessels, store rent, and other contingent expences, four hundred and eleven thousand nine hundred and fifty-one dollars, and two cents :

For the pay and subsistence of the marine corps, including provisions for those on shore, and forage for the staff, eighty-two thousand five hundred and ninety-three dollars, and sixty cents :

For clothing for the same, sixteen thousand five hundred and thirty-six dollars, and ninety-eight cents :

For military stores for the same, one thousand six hundred and thirty-five dollars :

For medicine, medical services, hospital stores, and all expences on account of the sick belonging to the marine corps, one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars :

For quarter-master's and barrack-master's stores, officers' travelling expences, armourers' and carpenters' bills, fuel, premium for enlisting, music, and other contingent expences, eight thousand four hundred and nineteen dollars :

For the expence of navy yards, docks, and other improvements, the pay of superintendants, store keepers, clerks, and labourers, sixty thousand dollars :

For completing the marine barracks at the city of Washington, three thousand five hundred dollars.

States, for the year 1805, for the Indian department, and for the expence of fortifications, arsenals, magazines, and armories, the following sums are appropriated, viz. :

For the pay of the army, three hundred and two thousand, seven hundred and ninety-six dollars :

For forage, four thousand four hundred and eighty-eight dollars :

For the subsistence of the officers of the army and corps of engineers, thirty-one thousand three hundred and twenty-nine dollars and fourteen cents :

For the subsistence of non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates, one hundred and seventy-nine thousand and nine dollars and sixty-nine cents :

For clothing, eighty-five thousand dollars.

For bounties and premiums, fifteen thousand dollars :

For the medical and hospital department, twelve thousand dollars :

For camp equipage, fuel, tools, expence of transportation, and other contingent expences of the war department, eighty-one thousand dollars :

For fortifications, arsenals, magazines, and armories, one hundred and thirty-three thousand two hundred and ninety-six dollars and eighty-eight cents :

For purchasing maps, plans, books, and instruments for the war department, and military academy, five hundred dollars :

For the pay and subsistence of the commandants in Louisiana, five thousand nine hundred and seventy-one dollars and seventy-seven cents :

For the Indian department, ninety-two thousand six hundred dollars.

For the Literary Magazine.

APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT OF THE UNITED STATES, FOR 1805.

FOR defraying the expence of the military establishment of the United
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For the Literary Magazine.

A LIST OF THE ACTS PASSED DURING THE SECOND SESSION OF THE EIGHTH CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

1. AN act making a farther appropriation for carrying into effect

the treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation between his Britannic majesty and the United States of America.

2. An act making an appropriation to supply a deficiency in an appropriation for the support of government during the present year (1804), and making a partial appropriation for the same object, during the year 1805.

3. An act concerning drawbacks on goods, wares, and merchandize.

4. An act for the disposal of certain copies of the laws of the United States.

5. An act declaring Cambridge, in the state of Massachusetts, to be a port of delivery.

6. An act to divide the Indiana territory into two separate governments.

7. An act authorizing the corporation of Georgetown to make a dam or causeway from Mason's island to the western shore of the river Potowmac.

8. An act for the relief of Charlotte Hazen, widow and relict of the late brigadier-general Moses Hazen.

9. An act making appropriations for the support of the navy of the United States, during the year 1805.

10. An act making an appropriation for completing the south wing of the capitol, at the city of Washington, and for other purposes.

11. An act for carrying into more complete effect the tenth article of the treaty of friendship, limits, and navigation with Spain.

12. An act to provide for completing the valuation of lands and dwelling houses, and the enumeration of slaves, in South Carolina, and for other purposes.

13. An act supplementary to the act, intituled, "An act to regulate the collection of duties on imports and tonnage."

14. An act for the relief of John Steele.

15. An act for the relief of Alexander Murray.

16. An act authorizing the postmaster-general to make a new contract for carrying the mail from

Fayetteville, in North Carolina, to Charleston, in South Carolina.

17. An act concerning the mode of surveying the public lands of the United States.

18. An act making appropriations for the support of the military establishment of the United States, for the year 1805.

19. An act making appropriations for the support of government, for the year 1805.

20. An act to continue in force "An act declaring the consent of congress to an act of the state of Maryland, passed the 28th day of December, 1793, for the appointment of a health officer."

21. An act to amend the act intituled "An act further to amend the act, intituled "An act to lay and collect a direct tax within the United States."

22. An act to appropriate a sum of money for the purpose of building gun boats.

23. An act to authorize the erection of a bridge across a mill pond and marsh, in the navy yard belonging to the United States, in the town of Brooklyn, in the state of New York.

24. An act further to amend an act intituled "An act regulating the grants of land, and providing for the disposal of the lands of the United States, south of the state of Tennessee."

25. An act for ascertaining and adjusting the titles and claims to lands within the territory of Orleans, and the district of Louisiana.

26. An act to amend the act intituled "An act for the government and regulation of seamen in the merchants' service."

27. An act for the relief of the widow and orphan children of Robert Elliott.

28. An act authorizing the discharge of John Yorke from his imprisonment.

29. An act to authorize the secretary of war to issue military land warrants, and for other purposes.

30. An act to amend the charter of Georgetown.

31. An act further providing for the government of the territory of Orleans.

32. An act to amend an act intituled "An act for imposing more specific duties on the importation of certain articles; and also for levying and collecting light money on foreign ships or vessels."

33. An act to provide for the accommodation of the president of the United States.

34. An act to establish the districts of Genessee, of Buffaloe creek, and of Miami; and to alter the port of entry of the district of Erie.

35. An act to regulate the clearance of armed merchant vessels.

36. An act further to alter and establish certain post roads, and for other purposes.

37. An act for the relief of Richard Taylor.

38. An act supplementary to the act intituled "An act making provision for the disposal of the public lands in the Indiana territory, and for other purposes."

39. An act making provision for the widow and orphan children of Thomas Flinn.

40. An act for the relief of George Scoone and Alexander Cameron.

41. An act making appropriations for carrying into effect certain Indian treaties, and for other purposes of Indian trade and intercourse.

42. An act for the more effectual preservation of peace in the ports and harbours of the United States, and in the waters under their jurisdiction.

43. An act to extend jurisdiction, in certain cases, to the territorial courts.

44. An act for the relief of Robert Patton and others.

45. An act further providing for the government of the territory of Louisiana.

46. An act in addition to "An act to make provision for persons that have been disabled by known wounds."

47. An act supplementary to the act intituled "An act making an

appropriation for carrying into effect the convention between the United States of America and his Britannic majesty."

Resolution expressive of the sense of congress of the gallant conduct of captain Stephen Decatur, the officers and crew of the United States' ketch Intrepid, in attacking, in the harbour of Tripoli, and destroying, a Tripolitan frigate of forty-four guns.

Resolutions expressive of the sense of congress of the gallant conduct of commodore Edward Preble, the officers, seamen, and marines of his squadron.

For the Literary Magazine.

REVIEW.

The History of Virginia, from its first settlement to the present day. By John Burk. Vol. 1. 8vo. Petersburg, 1804. pp. 348.

SEVERAL circumstances, to use the language of the author, contribute to render the history of Virginia an object of interest and curiosity. In this part of the American continent, the first permanent establishment was formed by the British; and it is here we must look for those ancient documents and materials, whose discovery will throw light on the history of the other states.

By her population and geographical position, she stands conspicuous in the confederacy, which her valour hath erected, in common with that of her sister states, and which her spirit and constancy have since improved and supported.

The materials for a correct history are diminishing every day.—The war hath already made a melancholy chasm in our public records. History, to which we might look to supply this loss, is often silent.

Stith, as far as he goes, is, indeed, a faithful guide; but his his-

tory comprizes only a space of twenty years, and it is to be found only in the libraries of the curious.

Beverley is a mere annalist of petty incidents, put together without method, and unenlivened by any of the graces of style. He is, moreover, the apologist of power, in which respect also he differs essentially from Stith, who, on all occasions, displays a manly contempt and defiance of injustice and tyranny.

Sir W. Keith, although more diffuse than Beverley, and more graceful and correct, has little more of detail.

Smith's is a sort of epic history or romance, where the author recounts his achievements in the spirit with which he fought. His narrative, however, occasionally discovers much good sense, and raises considerable interest. It is, moreover, the ground-work of succeeding histories, and is valuable as a piece of rare and curious antiquity.

These books, taken together, contain a mass of valuable matter, which it would be prudent to collect, arrange, and concentrate, before the few copies which remain disappear from private libraries, as they have already done from the shelf of the bookseller.

In addition to the assistance which might be derived from those publications, chance has thrown in the author's way two large manuscript volumes, containing the minutes of the London Company, together with the proceedings of the Virginia councils and assembly, with little interruption, to the middle of the reign of George II. These volumes are a mine of information, and their value is enhanced by the consideration that they are, in all probability, the only copies in existence.

This collection may be further enriched by such documents as are to be found in the public offices, and in the library of William and Mary College, to the free use of which the author has been politely invited.

The author begins his work with remarks upon the propensity of na-

tions to trace their own original to a divine or miraculous source: a propensity favoured by the obscurity in which their original is generally involved; and dwells upon the difference, in this respect, between the nations of the ancient world and those which have grown out of their colonies in the western hemisphere. He then details the history of ancient trade and navigation, which he brings down to the voyages of Columbus and Cabot. He now enters upon the proper subject of his work, and relates, in a clear and circumstantial manner, all the events connected with the history of Virginia, from the earliest expeditions to the dissolution of the Virginian Company, in 1625. An appendix is subjoined, in which some further account is given of the London Company, of the state of the aboriginal tribes on the arrival of the strangers, and a list is inserted of the names of the adventurers for Virginia, in 1620.

This portion of the work, being considerably circumstantial, and relating to events qualified, in themselves, to excite the reader's interest, is highly entertaining and instructive. The writer has done justice to his theme, by a clear and distinct, though, on some occasions, a desultory style and manner. For the copiousness of this narration, the author apologizes in the following terms:

"During the first eighteen years of the settlement of Virginia, the incidents are so numerous and diversified, that, with every wish to be concise, I could not, consistently with my general plan, compress them within a narrower compass. In the commencement of any work, every material occurrence should be placed full in the view of the reader; the nature and origin of every institution fully explained; and the principal personages who figure in it be introduced with a suitable description of their characters and actions. If this be done, the bare recurrence of the names in the other

parts of the work will associate the knowledge of every thing essential respecting those things or persons. The second volume will comprehend the history of more than a century."

In the writer's occasional remarks there is a shrewdness and sagacity, accompanied, however, with an air which bespeaks a young man. The compact and coherent plan of Robertson must not be looked for in this work. The eloquent fragment of that author affords us a sample of a work, which it is in vain to hope will be speedily supplied. Meanwhile, the narrative of Mr. Burk will, if we may judge from this specimen, be a very valuable addition to our domestic literature.

One of the most memorable events in the early history of the colony, is the massacre of the English, in 1622. Mr. Burk's account of this event is as follows :

"Whilst the colony was thus rapidly advancing to eminence and wealth, she carried in her bosom, and about her, an enemy which was to blight her budding honours, and which brought near to ruin and desolation her growing establishment. Since the marriage of Pocahontas the natives had lived on terms of uninterrupted and apparently cordial amity with the English, which daily gained strength by mutual wants and necessities. Each had something beyond their wants which the other stood in need of : and commerce, regulated by good faith, and a spirit of justice, gave facility to the exchange or barter of their superfluous productions. The consequence of this state of things was a complete security on the part of the English ; a total disregard and disuse of military precautions and martial exercises. The time and the hands of labour were considered too valuable to be employed in an idle and holiday array of arms ; and, in this situation, wholly intent on amassing wealth, and totally unprovided for defence, they were attacked by an enemy, whose resentment no time

nor good offices could disarm ; whose preparations were silent as night ; to whom the arts of native cunning had given a deep dissimulation, an exterior so specious, as might impose on suspicion itself.

"After the death of Powhatan, the empire descended, by order of succession, to his brother Opitchapan. But amongst a people where a daring and intrepid courage, and invincible patience under pain and suffering, were esteemed the principal virtues, but little regard is paid to the accidental merit of descent. An Indian chieftain must be the most renowned warrior in his tribe. Every Indian, whatever may be the form of his government, is the absolute master of his own actions. A nation which is always in arms, and acknowledges no other deity than the god of war, feels respect only for those qualities, which can secure to them victory, or conduct a surprise or retreat. Under such circumstances, and coming after a chief of such glory as Powhatan, the feeble and decrepid Opitchapan was little calculated to secure respect, or enforce obedience.

"The defects of the new emperor were aggravated, in the minds of the Indians, by a comparison with the accomplished Opechancanough, who, in the council and the field, was the most conspicuous warrior amongst the Powhatans ; and who, as has been told above, during the life time of the late emperor, had procured, from the free tribe of the Chickahominies, the title of their king.

"Opechancanough possessed another powerful recommendation in the eyes of his countrymen : his hatred of the English was rooted and deadly. Never for a moment did he forget the unjust invasion and insolent aggressions of those strangers ; never did he forget his own personal wrongs and humiliation.

"Compelled, by the inferiority of his countrymen in the weapons and instruments of war, as by their customs, to employ stratagem instead

of force, he buried deep in his bosom all traces of the rage with which he was agitated.

"To the English, if any faith was due to appearances, his deportment was uniformly frank and unreserved: he was the equitable mediator in the several differences which arose between them and his countrymen.

"The intellectual superiority of the white men was the constant theme of his admiration. He appeared to consider them as the peculiar favourites of heaven, against whom resistance were at once impious and impracticable. But far different was his language and deportment in the presence of his countrymen.

"In the gloom and silence of the dark and impenetrable forest, or the inaccessible swamp, he gave utterance to the sorrows and indignation of his swelling bosom. He painted, with the strength and brilliancy of savage colouring, the tyranny, rapacity, and cruelty of the English; whilst he mournfully contrasted the unalloyed content and felicity of their former lives, with their present abject and degraded condition; subject, as they were, to the capricious controul and intolerable requisitions of those hard and un pitying task-masters.

"Independence is the first blessing of the savage state. Without it, all other advantages are light and valueless: bereft of this, in their estimation, even life itself is a barren and comfortless possession. It is not surprising, then, that Opechancanough, independent of his influence as a great werowance, or war captain, should, on such a subject, discover kindred feelings in the breasts of his countrymen. The war song and war whoop, breaking like thunder from the fierce and barbarous multitudes, mingling with the clatter of their shields, and enforced by the terrific gestures of the war dance, proclaimed to their leader their determination to die with him, or conquer.

"With equal address the experienced and wily savage proceeded to allay the storm which his invectives had conjured up in the breasts of the Indians. The English, although experience had proved them neither immortal nor invincible, he represented as formidable by their fire arms, and their superior knowledge in the art of war; and he inculcated, as the sole means of deliverance and revenge, secrecy and caution, until an occasion should offer, when, by surprise or ambush, the scattered establishments of their enemies might, at the same moment, be assaulted and swept away.

"Four years had nearly elapsed in maturing this formidable conspiracy; during which time, not a single Indian belonging to the thirty nations, which composed the empire of Powhatan, was found to violate his engagements, or betray his leader; not a word or hint was heedlessly or deliberately dropt to awaken jealousy or excite suspicion: when all at once a circumstance occurred, which was made the pretext, and which possibly accelerated the execution, of this project.

"There was, among the Indians, a warrior named Nemattanow, who, for those virtues in highest estimation amongst savages, as well as for the extravagance and eccentricity of his conduct, was peculiarly distinguished. He was possessed of uncommon bodily strength and activity, and of a courage in the highest degree daring and adventurous. Although engaged in a multitude of battles with Indians and English, in all of which he was conspicuous in the onset and the van; prodigal of life, and fearless of danger, he had invariably come off without a wound. A good fortune so singular, joined with a bravery so rash and impetuous, easily induced the belief among his countrymen that he was invulnerable and immortal; an opinion which his vanity found less inclination to discourage than support. It is difficult in any (more especially in the rude and savage) state to

bear a long and uninterrupted tide of good fortune with temper and moderation. Nemattanow, not content with his well-earned glory as a warrior, affected a gaudy peculiarity in his dress; ornamenting his person fantastically with feathers of different colours, on which account he was, amongst his countrymen and by the English, known by the name of Jack o' the Feather. This man, on several occasions, had committed depredations on the property of the English; but at length, having deliberately murdered an Englishman of the name of Morgan, he was seized by the servants of the deceased, and, attempting to escape, was shot by one of them through the body.

"It is said that Opechancanough envied the reputation of this savage, and was secretly pleased that he was no more. He affected grief and indignation, only to inflame the breasts of the Indians to fury and revenge.

"A singular story is related by all our historians of the last moments of Nemattanow: when he discovered that death was fast approaching, and that his dream of glory and immortality would shortly vanish, forgetting his pains, he appeared anxious only about his reputation amongst his countrymen, and with posterity.

"It is curious to trace, in the mind of this rude and unlettered savage, the operation of the same principles which put in motion the poet, the historian, and the conqueror. With earnestness and anxiety he besought his enemies, with the solemnity of a last dying request, to conceal his grave, in the hope, that "this evidence and monument of his mortality might be kept from his countrymen."

"But, in spite of the profound dissimulation of Opechancanough, he had not passed entirely without suspicion, and, in some instances, even direct charges were brought against him, of a design to surprise and exterminate the colonists. But he found means to silence those alarms by the apparent frankness

and sincerity of his manners, and by an invariable and assiduous attention to their interest and convenience.

"Induced by evidence so specious, sir G. Yeardley, who was then governor, supposed that the charges were altogether without foundation, and the short-lived caution and vigilance, induced by those suspicions, were again permitted to relapse into the lethargy of a deep and fatal security.

"Every thing being at length ripe for execution, the several nations of Indians were secretly drawn together, and stationed at the several points of attack, with a celerity and precision unparalleled in history. Although some of the detachments had to march from great distances, and through a continued forest, guided only by the stars and the dubious light of the moon, no instance of mistake or disorder took place. The Indian mode of march is by single files. They follow one after the other, in profound silence, treading as nearly as possible in the steps of each other, and adjusting the long grass and branches which they have displaced. This is done to conceal all traces of their route from their enemies, who are equally sagacious and quick-sighted.

"They halted at a short distance from the English, waiting without impatience for the signal, which was to be given by their fellows, who, under pretence of traffic, had this day, in considerable numbers, repaired to the plantations of the colonists.

"So perfect was the cunning and dissimulation of Opechancanough, that, on the morning of this fatal day, the straggling English, by his direction, were conducted in safety through the woods to their settlements, and presents of venison and wild fowl were sent, in his name, to the governor and counsellors, accompanied with expressions of regard, and assurances of friendship. "Sooner," said the wily chieftain, "shall the sky fall, than the peace shall be violated on my part."

"And so entirely were the English duped by those professions and appearances, that they freely lent the Indians their boats, with which they announced the concert, the signal, and the hour of attack to their countrymen on the other side of the river.

"The fatal hour having at length arrived, and the necessary dispositions having every where taken place, on a signal given, at mid-day, innumerable detachments, setting up the war whoop, burst from their concealments on the defenceless settlements of the English, massacring all they met, without distinction of age or sex; and, according to custom, mutilating and mangling, in a shocking manner, the dead bodies of their enemies.

"So unexpected and terrible was the onset, that scarcely any resistance was made. The English fell, scarcely knowing their enemies, and in many instances by their own weapons. In one hour three hundred and forty-seven men, women, and children, including six of the council, and several others of distinction, fell without a struggle by the hands of the Indians. Chance alone saved the colony from utter extirpation.

"A converted Indian, named Chanco, lived with Richard Pace, loved by his master on account of his good qualities, with an affection at once christian and parental. The night preceding the massacre, the brother of Chanco slept with him; and, after a strict injunction of secrecy, having revealed to him the intended plot, he commanded him, in the name of Opechancanough, to murder his master. The grateful Indian, shocked at the atrocity of the proposal, after his brother's departure, flew to Pace, and disclosed to him the information he had received. There was no time to be lost. Before day, a dispatch was forwarded to the governor, at James Town; which, with the adjacent settlements, were thus preserved from the ruin which hung over them.

"In several plantations also, where the information of Chanco

was unknown, the Indians were repulsed by the intrepidity of the proprietors."

The following sketch of the natives will exemplify Mr. Burk's mode of political and moral speculation:

"Notwithstanding the general charge of barbarism and treachery against the Indians of Virginia, and of cruelty and tyranny against Powhatan, with which the early historians abound, not a single fact is brought in support of this accusation; and, in several instances, with an inconsistency, for which it is difficult to account, the same writers speak with admiration of the exact order which prevailed among all the tribes of which this empire was composed; and confess, at the same time, that this order and security arose from the inviolable observance of customs, which time had consecrated as law, and which were equally binding on the king and the people.

"Stith and Smith relate, that Powhatan made his own hatchets, and the other instruments of tillage and war; and the same writers assert, that Opechancanough and Opitchapan had no power to rid themselves of those Indians who had incurred their dislike, but by privately soliciting the English to do them this service. Another striking example is given by those writers of the absolute independence of the Indians, in their contempt of what is called the order of succession, by their neglect of Opitchapan, and their preference of the superior virtues of Opechancanough.

"It appears farther, that the war-chiefs, considered themselves no farther bound by the directions of the emperor, than as they were in themselves reasonable; and that, on several occasions, they pointedly, as in the affair of the massacre, refused obedience to those directions.

"It is a real misfortune that so little attention should have been paid, by the first Virginia colonists, to the character, laws, and language

of this singular people. It may be urged that this neglect is incidental to the nature of the colonists; that, in general, they are unfitted, by their pursuits and education, for speculative research; that the labours of reclaiming the wilderness, and of fighting the savage, furnish sufficient employment, without those unprofitable, or, at best, fanciful attainments.

"It is indeed true, that as colonies are generally conducted, no inducements are held out for such an enquiry. But the Spanish and French colonists, although similarly circumstanced, have made considerable progress in this subject; and to their accounts, such as they are, we stand indebted for all that we know respecting the history of the American Indian.

"Smith's passion for war and adventure, and his active employments, left him no leisure to attend to objects of such remote or doubtful advantage. But there is reason to believe, from the little he relates of his observations during his captivity, that, had he been spared sufficiently long to the colony, he would have given us an exact account of the language and policy of the Virginia Indian.

"Stith, from whom better was to be expected, says not a word on the subject. And, what is equally strange, Beverley, who on all other subjects is a mere annalist, appears on this occasion to feel a portion of zeal, and to display some of the talents essential to such an investigation. But his zeal is but the hectic of a moment, and he soon relapses into his former apathy.

"The consequence of this early neglect, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to repair: and for the manners and character of the most extraordinary race of men which has appeared upon the earth, a people, too, with whom we have been acquainted for two centuries, we are constrained to resort to conjectures and analogies, deduced from the writings of the French and Spanish historians.

"In what contradictions are we involved, when obliged to speak of the laws and form of government, of the population and effective military force of the Powhatan confederacy!

"Mr. Jefferson reckons the population at eight thousand, and the force capable of bearing arms at two thousand five hundred. But the historians of Virginia, although they do not pretend to transmit any estimate on those heads, relate several particulars, which prove the calculation of Mr. Jefferson inadmissible. They tell us, that Powhatan had thirty werowances, or heads of tribes, subject to him; that Opechancanough appeared at one time with three hundred bowmen, and at another time with seven hundred, in all probability of his own tribe of Pamunkey; that the small tribe of Chickahominies had between three and four hundred fighting men; that between three and four thousand Indians lay in wait to surprise the English at Nomini; that the Susquahaanocks (who, it is true, were not Powhatans) could muster about six hundred fighting men; that the Nansamonds and Chesapeakes, appeared to the number of four hundred men, which was probably only a part of their strength.

"It is stated, too, that the tribes composing the empire of Powhatan were in peace and friendship with each other; and that, although a rivalry and antipathy subsisted between them and the Manakins and Manahoacks, no regular hostility was exercised between them. Their position at the heads of the great rivers, and in the fastnesses of their mountains, secured the Manakins from subjugation, while the compact vigour of Powhatan's empire, added to the terror of his arms, kept invasion at a distance from his dominions.

"In addition to a profound peace and mild government, the subjects of Powhatan inhabited a region, on which nature had bestowed singular advantages. Their settlements were generally on the banks of

James, Elizabeth, Nansamond, York, and Chickahomini rivers, all of which abounded in the most delicious fish and wild fowl. Their woods contained innumerable herds of deer. A rich soil gratified the

most sanguine expectations of the planter, so that little is hazarded by declaring, that no equal portion of the globe contains within itself more ample sources of food, or even of luxury."

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

Extracted from an Address to the Cincinnati of Connecticut.

HEARD ye a voice within, instinctive
urge

To check the progress of un pitying
war,

Wrench from the grasp of Tyranny his
scourge,

And crush Ambition in his crimson
car?

That voice we heard, when Britain's
long-fam'd host

Our yeomen, new to arms, in battle
smote;

In love of country every passion lost,
Our ravish'd souls to liberty devote.

If we to Heaven our unavailing vows
For Poland rais'd; besought Heaven's
righteous Lord

To rend the wreath from Austria's,
Prussia's brows,

And break of baneful leagues the
threefold cord*;

With horror mark'd the empress of the
north,

Her wheels yet reeking o'er the
mooned host, †

Rouse the dull Russ, and call the Cossac
forth

From darksome dens of everlasting
frost:

*The coalition of Russia, Austria, and
Prussia, for the partition of Poland.

† Few readers will have occasion to
be informed, that the banners of the
Ottoman troops have crescent moons, for
their armorial emblems.

If we on changeful Gaul, not coldly
gaz'd,

But lov'd the fair reforms by patriots
plann'd,

Till, fir'd by crimes, our indignation
blaz'd,

That democrats enrag'd should rule
the land:

If to Columbia's sons a tear I ow'd,
Her captive seamen chain'd at Al-
giers long:

If for their wrongs my eyes a fountain
flow'd,

And thunder'd from my tongue the
wrathful song:

Of every class, ye proud oppressors!
hear!

Monarchs and demagogues who
realms enslave,

Or ye who purchase bondmen far and
near*,

I hate your conduct, and your anger
brave.

And chief, ye despots! to the strain
attend!

Shall coward millions to your will
succumb?

At your capricious nod whole nations
bend,

Or for resistance find a sudden tomb?

To Heav'n be praise!—that gothic spell
is o'er,

When, lull'd by witcheries, Europe
slept supine,

* This refers to the late *repeal* of the
law in South Carolina, which prohibited
the importation of slaves. Since which,
thousands have been introduced into that
state from Africa.

And only dream'd of superstitious lore,
Prescriptive pow'r, and regal rights
divine.

Strange seems to beings groping dim
in dust,

That He, whose light the dark en-
chantment broke,

At times (his ways inscrutable as just)
Still suffers man to smart beneath a
yoke.

Ah! why will He, blest arbiter on high,
His bow with thunder charg'd and
bickering fire,
Not bare his arm to bid his terrors fly,
And earth's fierce troublers at his
frown expire?

Though conscience oft, their raging
pride to tame,
Shall make them curse their triumphs
earn'd by guilt,
Compell'd to hate their very idol, Fame,
And drink, inebriate, of the blood they
spilt:

A retribution in unjoyous climes,
Remains to make the moral scheme
complete:
Be joyful, earth! unburden'd of their
crimes;
And hell! rise grim, their coming
shades to greet.

And less shall plagues pursue those
planter-lords,
Who, for proud wealth in slaves,
their lot applaud;
Yet boast of liberty with guileful words,
And preach "all men were equals
made by God"?

Are ye the lords who treat your slaves
as brutes?
Heav'ns! how your deeds and doc-
trines disagree!
Speak not of freedom! for your lip pol-
lutes
Your holy oath, "that man by birth
is free."

Blush not these men, to government
elect,
Thy cause, Equality! who quaintly
plead;
And talk of *declarations* that protect
Man's natural rights; nor name that
hateful deed

Themselves have done: to hold their
blacks enthrall'd;
To dole no daily food save stinted
corn;*

With whips to drive them, faint, with
fettters gall'd,

To tasks unending, and of hope for-
lorn?

Say, then, perfidious! say, are ye alone
Exclusive patriots? Freedom's only
friends?

Your eye-balls cas'd in scales, your
hearts in stone,

On you the frenzying curse of Heav'n
descends,

Ruin's forerunner! every art ye use
To cheat the crowd with liberty's
sweet name;

With hypocritic cant promote your
views,

Increase your slaves, and glory in
your shame.†

Was it for this, incomparably bold,
Led by our godlike chief, through
climates far,

We brav'd the summer's heat, the win-
ter's cold,

Breasting the dreadful enginery of
war

Through eight long years, in many a
gory field,

High in the van, the starry flag un-
furl'd,

Till peace (with heroes' blood the treaty
seal'd)

Confirm'd man's equal rights in this
new world?

What! while we hear the clank of
slavery's chains,

Mix'd with discordant sounds of pa-
triot zeal;

While love of freedom throbs through
veteran veins,

For Afric's sons shall we no pity
feel?

* One peck of Indian corn, in the grain,
is the only food allowed to each slave
for seven days, on many plantations.

† There are individuals in the United
States, who hold more of their fellow-
creatures in slavery, than either of the
Barbary powers.

How long in vain shall Afric's race be
mourn'd?

In hopeless bondage, unredeem'd,
how long?

No hand to help, with cries for justice
spurn'd,

Cringe at the cutting of the penal
thong?

Ye planters! bashaws! cast one kind
regard

On blacks from Guinea brought for
barter'd gold;

Or, blind to interest as of feeling hard,
Can ye with cruel scorn their woes
"behold?

Will no good angel on the Lybean
shore,

Dash the curst vessel destin'd to our
climes;

Ere yet augmented slaves with flames and
gore

Retort their wrongs, and measure
crimes for crimes?

Behold! oh, horror! Hayti's bloody
strand!

Mark! how the lesson erst by white-
men giv'n,

Not vainly taught the barb'rous sable
band,

To claim the *birth-right* held alone
from Heav'n.

Dark rose the negroes: 'twas the dread
resolve,

That *right* to rescue, or with *it* ex-
pire,

Bade the strong bolts that bound their
flesh dissolve,

Like flaxen cords before devouring
fire.

Once white men triumph'd; black men
now are free;

While fearful noises fluctuate on the
wind,

Late victors fly for safety to the sea,

And not a haughty master lags be-
hind.

Thou blot on nature, Slavery! disap-
pear!

Yet, monster! yet, a moment, from
thy mouth,

Shall gall and venom tinge the verdant
year,

And blast the glories of the boasted
South.

Then, bright through bursting clouds, the
aurora trace!

Though long the night, and murky
low'r'd the sky,

Lift up your heads! ye much enduring
race!

Lift up your heads! for your redemp-
tion's nigh.

For the Literary Magazine.

SONG.

Air.—*Here's a health to one I lo'e dear.*

OH dear were the joys that are past!

Oh dear were the joys that are past!

Inconstant thou art as the dews of the
morn,

Or a cloud of the night on the blast!

How dear was the breath of the eve,
When hearing thy fond faithless sigh!

And the moon-beam how dear that
betray'd

The love that illumin'd thine eye!

Thou vow'dst in my arms to be mine,
Thou swar'st by the moon's sacred light:

But dark roll'd a cloud o'er the sky,

It hid the pale queen of the night.

Thou hast broken thy plighted faith,
And broken a fond lover's heart!

—Yes! in winter the moon's fleeting
ray

I would trust more than thee and thy
art!

I am wretched to think on the past—
Ev'n hope now my peace cannot save:

Thou has giv'n to my rival thy hand,

But me thou hast doomed to my grave.

SEDLEY.

For the Literary Magazine.

LINES WRITTEN AT GREEN BANK,
BURLINGTON.

WHEN Anna here her form reclines,
May zephyrs waft their genial winds;
And ye rough boughs more closely grow,
To shield her from this fervid glow.

Thou, too, sweet stream, more gently
play,
When by thy side she loves to stray;
And as thou roll'st thy calmest tide,
Oh wish that thus her life may glide!

Thus shall all Nature's charms combine,
To worship her who doth entwine
Our willing souls, by woman's guile—
The roseate blush and dimpling smile.

SEDLEY.

For the Literary Magazine.

SONNET.

By a Scholar.

TO cull each plant of Attic growth I
toil,
And bend unwearied o'er the classic
page,
Rich with the treasures of a learned
age:
Alas! in vain I waste the midnight oil!
The flow'rs of Greece transplanted in
our soil
But feebly bloom, then wither soon,
and die,
Nipp'd by the rigours of a northern
sky:
Yet sure 'tis sweet, afar from bigots'
rage,
In the sequester'd vale of humble life,
To hear afar the warring winds engage,
Too low to fear the elemental strife.
Each boisterous passion mildly to as-
suage,
To Plato's themes enamoured I re-
turn,
Catch his strong sense, and with his
raptures burn.

For the Literary Magazine.

LINES,

Sung at a rural dance on May-day.

NYMPHS, that now are cheerful seen,
Where sweet vi'lets deck the ground!
Nymphs, that on th' enamell'd green,
Join the sprightly dance around!
Lovely virgins, sing and play,
Ever innocent and gay,
And crown the fairest maid to-day.

While Health displays her roseate
charms,

Pluck the sweetest flow'rs you find;
Welcome Joy with open arms,
And your brows with roses bind.
Lovely virgins, sing and play,
Ever innocent and gay,
And crown the fairest maid to-day.

For the Literary Magazine.

MY NATIVE VALE.

A pastoral Song, from the Italian.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds, and warbles
there,
Close by my cot she tells her tale,
To ev'ry passing villager:
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
To charm the fairy-footed hours,
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The mimic dance in twilight glade,
The rustic glee, and roundelay,
Sung in the silent woodland shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my Native Vale!

For the Literary Magazine.

WHAT'S A LADY'S BUSINESS?

HOW best to bind the flowing hair
With art, yet with an artless air;
In what nice braid, or glossy curl,
To fix a diamond or a pearl,
And how the purpled veil to choose
From silken stores of varied hues;
Which may attract the roving view
Pink, violet, purple, orange, blue,
The loveliest mantle to select
Or unembellish'd, or bedeck't;
And how the twisted scarf to place
With most inimitable grace;
What skirts the mantle best may suit,
Ornate with stars of tissue'd fruit,
The flower embroider'd, or the plain
With silver, or with golden vein.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

P. J. DESAULT'S Treatise on Fractures, Luxations, and other Morbid Affections of the Bones, has just been translated by Dr. C. Caldwell, of Philadelphia. Desault was chief surgeon to the Hotel Dieu at Paris, and enjoyed the highest reputation, and most extensive practice.

Wettenhall's Greek Grammar, translated into English, with additional notes, by William P. Farrand, has lately been published at Philadelphia, with great care and accuracy, and is recommended, and is now used, by most of the colleges on the continent.

John Eckstein, late painter and statuary to the king of Prussia, has published, at Philadelphia, a New Drawing-book, or System of the Art of Drawing, intended for the use of pupils in that art.

J. Oram, of Trenton, New Jersey, is about to re-publish Stackhouse's edition of the Bible, which will be comprised in six volumes, octavo.

Mr. John Davis has published, in one volume, small duodecimo, a work, called, Captain Smith and Princess Pocahontas. It is a tale built upon some well-known incidents in the early history of Virginia. The volume contains, besides the tale itself, a historical sketch of the early life of captain Smith; a petition presented by Smith to queen Anne; a vocabulary of Indian words; an account of the descendants of Pocahontas; a description of Jamestown, by Mr. Girardin; two letters respecting the subject of this book; a memoir of the author; and a list of subscribers. This enumeration of contents will inform the reader that he may expect, at least,

variety of entertainment; and those who have not had an opportunity of judging of Mr. Davis' abilities, by the perusal of his former productions, will feel some attractions to the present work in the nature of the subject, which is purely American, and which relates to two of the most interesting personages in early American history.

A Spelling-book, by Mr. Lindley Murray, has lately appeared in Europe, and been republished in Philadelphia by James Cruikshank, and by Kimber, Conrad, & Co.

There is now in the press a valuable work by Dr. Barton, containing illustrations of American zoology, which the ingenious author proposes to continue occasionally. It will appear in one thin quarto.

A new edition has just appeared of an old work of great celebrity: Scougal's Life of God in the Soul of Man. The excellence and usefulness of this little tract are generally known to religious readers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE editor has received several favours, which came too late for the present month, the contents of each number, in order to insure punctuality in publication, being made up at a pretty early period in the month. Hence some valuable communications have been unavoidably deferred. The *Visitor* has been received, but at too late a period. In the same predicament are the "Remarks on the Mock-bird and Nightingale," "Comparison between the Climate of Madras and Philadelphia," "On the Anti-christian Tendency of Classical Studies," and several others.